APRIL 1960

Commentary

Notes on the Organized Society

DWIGHT MACDONALD: **THE CANDIDATES & I**

DAVID T. BAZELON: **PORTRAIT OF A BUSINESS GENERALIST**

GEORGE LICHTHEIM: **THE ROLE OF THE INTELLECTUALS**

PAUL GOODMAN: **IN SEARCH OF COMMUNITY**

German Youth & German History: Ernest Jouhy

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Swastikas, Resolutions, Jewish Scholarship: Milton Himmelfarb

BOOKS IN REVIEW: Irving Kristol Nathan Glazer
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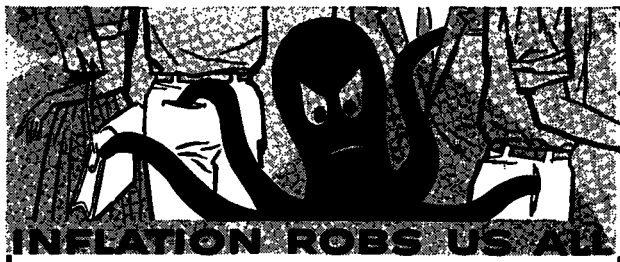

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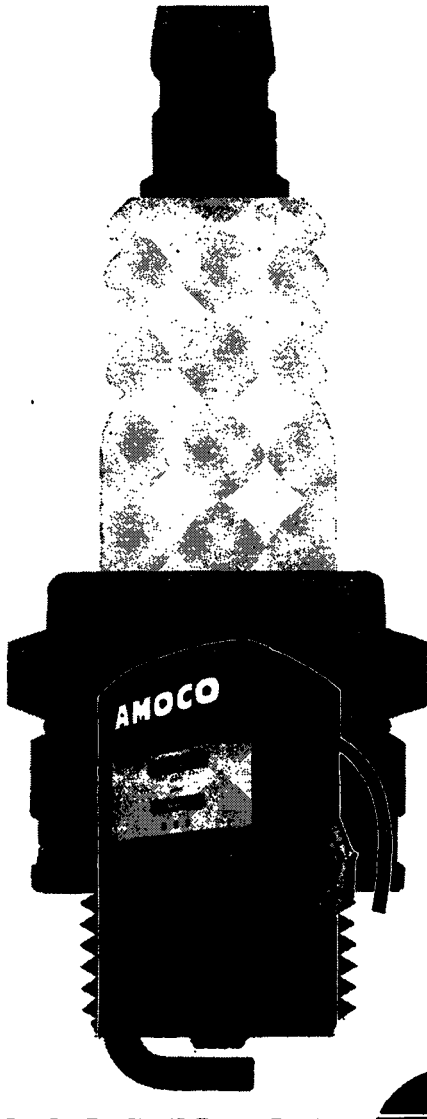

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THE ISSUE: APRIL 1960

Dwight Macdonald is right, of course: it matters very little to problems like defense or desegregation which candidate gets "that job" in 1960. He is also right in saying that so far as the daily lives of most people are concerned, national issues are less important than local ones. A change in the New York City parking regulations touches New Yorkers more closely than the great majority of bills that pass through Congress, and as for the President, he is bound by intractable conditions that can only be manipulated within very severe limits. Nixon, it is safe to say, would act no differently from Kennedy or Humphrey in a critical situation, just as Stevenson, confronted by the Hungarian Revolution or the Suez invasion, would have done (or failed to do) the same things Eisenhower did—except that the rhetoric of Stevenson's Report to the Nation would no doubt have been more elegant. To that extent, national politics in America have come to resemble—as George Lichtheim puts it in his article on the future of the intellectuals—the game of "ins" and "outs" that characterized 18th-century politics in England. Intellectuals can hardly be expected to take much interest in this game, since they are accustomed to thinking of politics in ideological terms and are happier when they can confront a situation in which the right contends unambiguously against the left. Thus when Mr. Macdonald complains whimsically that it is "all very confusing" to see Nixon worrying about foreign aid and underdeveloped countries, he is expressing his distaste for the tactics that Disraeli, the supreme political opportunist of all time, once called "dishing the Whigs."

Dwight Macdonald won't vote in 1960, then, because he believes neither in the reality of the contest, nor in the efficacy of his franchise, nor in the possibility of meaningful action by any of the candidates. Like Mr. Lichtheim, he ascribes the disappearance of ideology from politics to the growth of state power—of centralization, bureaucracy, and planning. Where the two writers diverge is in the attitude each takes toward this phenomenon. Mr. Lichtheim considers the trend toward a higher and higher degree of centralized organization irreversible and not altogether a bad thing. He is markedly unapocalyptic, writing in the tones of a man who has learned from the study of history that the balance sheet of good and evil in one epoch is likely to be pretty much the same as in any other. Mr. Macdonald's tone is not so calm. One gathers that he finds the growth of organization as unmitigated a disaster as Paul Goodman does, and he says that our only hope lies in the anarchist idea of cutting the environment down to a human scale.

But why are there no issues, even so? According to Mr. Lichtheim, it is because the class struggle is over and because the aims of modernism have largely been realized (at least in the West); according to Mr. Macdonald it is because the problems are too huge and the politicians mediocre. Yet it seems to me that the absence of issues cannot be blamed entirely on historical forces or even on the mediocrity of our politicians. Issues in politics, of course, derive from class and other interests, but they also derive from visions, and it is not the politicians to whom we ordinarily look for visions—it is to the intellectuals. And here the intellectuals have failed us by abdicating their traditional role as fanatical devotees of the dream of a good society.

I believe that issues exist. It is an issue that our society still lives by success, conceived in terms of status or money, and that the pursuit of success encourages the development of the worst human qualities and strangles the best. It is an issue that the curiosity of our children wastes away

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PORTRAIT

of a Business Generalist

DAVID T. BAZELON

SUCCESSFUL corporate lawyers like to be described these days as "generalists." This new term has a touch of magic for them—it seems to catch the essence of their drastically changed role in shepherding money and men of money through the green pastures of the new American property system. The word is not derived from any military analogy, but comes directly from "general"—meaning not specific or particular. We have come so far along the road of specialization and "expertise" that it is now a new and somehow different thing *not* to be an expert. The role I speak of is really that of a *pseudo*-non-expert, since the lawyer-as-generalist must be quite currently knowledgeable about tax law, corporate law, the securities market, and what's going on around town and in Washington. He is in fact quite expert about the broadest matters affecting the fortunes of men and corporations; but his expertness is not attuned primarily to specificities. So he is a generalist—one of the more significant forces creating and caring for our managerial system. He kind of manages the managers, with their permission.

The root distinction to be made here (which of course goes far beyond the role of lawyers) is between the manager of actual production and the manager of the *purpose* of production. If we were talking about the Soviet Union, the difference would be easier to describe: in that special society, all the managers who manage the managers are hierarchically organized in the Communist party; their roles are more easily identified. The production superintendent of a factory in Russia may very possibly be a member of the Communist party, but if so, he is still under the direction of someone above him in the party who is charged with managing the purpose of production. In America the distinction is not so clear; and the confusion comes from the fact that no one will admit that he is doing anything other than trying to make a profit. Making a profit means making money, and money is made both in producing and selling goods *and* in orienting a corporation more effectively to the selling of paper. First you produce goods and sell them at a profit; and then, in effect, you sell the profit. The latter is sometimes referred to as selling paper, and

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managing it is a very different matter from managing the actual production of goods. Here enters the generalist.

Now, among generalists, each individual is special, and can serve only as a rough example of the type. Yet, looking for a real generalist, whose actual career I could portray, I think I've found a good one.

ARNOLD M. GRANT is what one might call a "pure" generalist, who has pursued his role with a creative vengeance, probably because it suits him so neatly in a personal way. A highly trained lawyer who helped build a substantial New York-Los Angeles law firm, he doesn't "practice" law as that term is understood by most other lawyers who do. For example, if there is a federal securities registration to be accomplished as a part of an over-all transaction which he is engineering, he acts like a client and hires a law firm to do it. (But he acts like a lawyer toward the corporate client in coming to the decision that a registration is called for in the first place.) Of course, he also edits the work turned out by the law firm he has seen fit to hire. The generalist's own staff consists largely of himself (with his briefcase) and a harassed secretary. He has relations, however, with more than one leading New York law firm; and on a five o'clock phone call from him, a complement of several men will be put to work for the night, drafting the necessary papers. The generalist certainly offers ordinary legal advice, but quite incidentally. What he actually does, sitting tense and urgent at the corporation president's elbow, is to guide the asset value and earning power—his truest, most important clients—into that reality of realities, After-Tax Money; with this ultimate purpose of production consummated, his work is done—except for the mop-up job of making sure the new values are not lost.

Mr. Grant's own description of his work is somewhat simpler: when asked point-blank, he says that he "merchandises paper" or "packages property." But most of us need to have the meaning of these laconic phrases spelled out. And to elaborate them is to tell the long, intricate, important story of our entire business system. Most values in our business civilization are represented by various pieces of paper—money, bank deposits, stock certificates, debt instruments, deeds, and other contracts—and the heart of the whole story is how and why the value of a particular piece of paper is established. In our paper economy, merchandising paper and packaging property is the most highly rewarded activity open to men of mind and talent. No wonder, then, that it has become a fine creative art and undergone exquisite development.

Mr. Grant is a tall, trim, high-voltage individual in his early fifties, a man of considerable charm, and a talker to call the wind down. As if to complete the symbol of the special (yet general) career he was to mark out for himself, he got out of law school in 1929—that last-of-the-old-world year. In those woebegone days it was something of a curse to be a lawyer; many young lawyers took it as a favor to work for peanuts or even promises of peanuts, in order to get experience. But litigation was also a bigger thing in those unprosperous days before the New Deal and taxes, and anybody with a license could litigate. Like other determined young men of that time, Arnold Grant amassed a considerable amount of trial experience.

In 1943 he went out to California on behalf of a big electrical outfit in New York to negotiate a contract with the Kaiser shipbuilding interests. This agreement, which covered the construction of thirty C-4 troopships in Richmond, California, turned out to be so complicated that Grant was induced to stay out there to interpret its provisions and supervise operations under it. He worked around the clock for nearly six months—and learned the lessons of a lifetime. (So often a man gains insight or perspective that amounts almost to a spiritual conversion as a result

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of an extended and concentrated involvement in something, anything.) Grant dates a major turn in his career from the time of this experience as a production supervisor; he began then to learn his trade as a generalist. The primary insight he derived (with considerable surprise) from this engagement was that you didn't have to be a highly seasoned production man to understand costs or efficiency and make actual contributions to production. Without ever putting on a construction helmet, dealing only with paper and jobforemen, Grant found that the "general point of view" could be crucially helpful in the building of ships. He discovered, for example, that it had previously been necessary to rip out the electrical installation in a hull, because the sheet metal—or maybe it was the plumbing—had to but hadn't gone in first. You don't have to go to engineering school to solve that problem—just find out who is responsible for initiating installations of electricity, sheet metal, plumbing or whatever, call them in and introduce them to each other, and procure a statement from each as to what job precedes what other job. The general point of view is not always complicated—but it *is* always general.

In the course of his California experience, Grant also had the opportunity to appreciate the inner financial workings of the creation of the Kaiser empire, which was one of the first and certainly the most flamboyant in the new context of government procurement together with deadly high taxes. It was his introduction to the overriding importance of public relations, to credit as the true way of business life, and to what he calls "astute" tax thinking.

About this time he was, along with many others in the business world, contemplating the revolutionary new facts of life—the 90 per cent-plus tax rate on personal income and the corporate excess profits tax. It was obvious that money wasn't money any more, and that any wealth to be acquired would have to come by way of capital gains. But the consequences of the new situation were so startling and extensive that, the human mind being the habitual thing it is, not everyone—even among those who were trying—could think the problem through at the time. For example, if capital gains were to be the new source of wealth, then both the demand for capital gains opportunities and their value would spiral up. That certainly meant a new bull market in stocks was in the making—the market was still low, so buy. Grant called a meeting of a dozen well-to-do clients and put to them the proposition of forming a substantial syndicate. They turned him down—and worse, talked him out of going in on his own modest net worth. He admits that he has ever since been a very difficult fellow to talk out of anything that he has seriously figured for himself.

California looked good to him—the new air travel put the attractive climate within national reach—and at the end of the war he opened a branch office there. He became quite successful in short order. His modest explanation (he is not a particularly modest person) is that Hollywood is like a small town in that news travels fast, and a reputation can be made overnight. He notes another special thing about Hollywood—that the big earners out there live with the knowledge or fear that their days are numbered ("You're as good as your last picture"), and therefore they are under a compulsion to do what's right and do it right away—all of which makes them superlative devotees of fashion. Being one of the first New York lawyers on the scene, he quickly became fashionable. (There is a nice vignette to be written about the popular displacement in the past few decades of the historic phrase "Philadelphia lawyer" by the new and more magical "New York lawyer.") Without disagreeing with Grant's own explanation of his success, I think at least two additional factors should be noted. One is his personal charm and vitality, along with the generalist's aura of knowingness;

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and the other is that Hollywood was at that time practically a sanitarium for big-income people near-fatally wounded by the new tax rates. They needed a modern tax-thinker, and Grant was it.

He was, in fact, one of the first to incorporate personal income in Hollywood —i.e., to expand the use of the corporate device to translate personal income into appreciation of corporate shares which could be disposed of at capital gains rates. The way this worked—mostly for the very biggest stars—was to set up a corporation which then employed the star, and produced and owned the movie—all this done, however, under elaborate contracts with the studio. These independent companies (in the 40's, not today) were little more than tax and bookkeeping forms, since the studio retained control over everything important. But when the movie was completed, and before the corporation began to take in any income, the shares held by the star could be sold to the studio at a price reflecting the appreciated value of the completed film. The gain was taxed at the comfortable 25 per cent rate. It was a wonderful lawful loophole while it lasted. So good, in fact, that the success of Grant and others in its use led to the adoption in the late 40's of the "collapsible corporation" provision of the Internal Revenue Code, which was supposed to make the maneuver impossible, and in fact did make it considerably more difficult.

Once the gorgeous vision of "capital gains" caught on, however, the enthusiasts became irrepressible. Everybody wanted to be a corporation—and in fashionable Hollywood if you were not one, you were just not with it. Although the high-C phase of this song ended in the late 40's, the deeper music of capital gains has of course lingered on.

But the generalist moves with the times: indeed, he is in a kind of lock step—but a step or two ahead—with the gentlemen in Washington. He is charged with appraising the general situation, meaning the whole situation, and properly relating the different factors thereof. The logic of inversion (the basic logic of psychoanalysis and detective stories) is central to his role: it is incumbent on him to remember what everybody else is forgetting, to look for what isn't there, and to test every proposition by formulating and fooling around with its opposite. Capital gains became such a thing that Grant's biggest problem with non-corporate clients was to get them to take another look at the possibilities of ordinary income, which had been more or less lost sight of in the frantic shuffle. (An entree to this prosaic approach was to remind the client that there had to be actual *gain* along with a good capital gains plan—that some of the latter just looked good on paper.)

A lively producer, director, or star would come to him in a creative panic demanding that the government take less. He wanted capital gains—a percentage deal, options, something big-business like that. Grant would say in effect, What are you going to do with your capital gains and how much do you want? (It is really astounding how effective simple questions are in this esoteric area: perhaps a generalist is simply the person who retains an ordinary capacity to ask simple questions in extraordinary circumstances.) Invariably the answer would be, I want to be a millionaire—to be secure. Whereupon Grant would patiently explain that in order to accumulate $1,000,000 at the capital gains rate one had to take in $1,330,000-plus; that the safe return on $1,000,000 capital was $50,000 gross, or not much better than $25,000 after taxes—an income that would keep *somebody else* very comfortably in a 4½ room apartment. (The explanation might continue much longer, for the magic lure of Being a Millionaire expires slowly.)

The answer, after that, would be deferred compensation, which incorporates incontestable delights. Grant would advise the favored client that an employment deal with the studio could be worked out

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whereby he could get one, two, or three thousand a week until hell froze over, which is excellent day-to-day money even after taxes—and as secure as mundane things can be. One of the beauties of this deal, and a great selling point to the studio, is that the difference between what the recipient gets now and what he gets eventually is interest-free money for the studio to work with; and part of the risk can be covered by cheap term insurance.

First item: with *x* thousand dollars a week, after completing the multi-picture stint, you can lose your job or even experience reasonable failures without undue panic (in other words, you earn the long view). Second item: with, say, $2,000 a week you have an income equal to 5 per cent on $2,000,000, and you can afford to speculate on real capital gains opportunities as they come along. Third item: your family is, without further question, utterly taken care of. To sum up: it isn't the millions, but the income on the millions, that makes life beautiful. The charming thing about this is that it is still a fresh idea, as the capital-gains panic continues.*

High-income individuals are obviously a dramatic part of a lawyer's work; and the ordinary mortal, in his casual or bemused efforts to comprehend wealth and the property system that produces it, finds it easy enough to identify with those anointed ones who possess the fabled incomes. But the real call upon the capacities of the generalist is made by the asset value and earning power of corporations. In our generalist-lawyer's relation to these, people are only intermediaries—the client you talk to is a person, but the Real Thing you work for is not.

In 1948, Grant made perhaps the most crucial "generalist" decision of his career. He was at that time a senior partner of a sizable New York-Los Angeles law firm, and making more money than he could spend. But not more than the government could spend; he says he felt like a slave to overhead. So he in effect walked away from it and put himself on what he calls "50 per cent free time"—meaning he is committed to clients of his firm for only half his time, the golden remainder being available to "anything good that comes up." Plenty has.

He has designed, engineered, and executed a substantial number of big deals—including the purchase of the Empire State Building from the Raskob estate, a $50 million private transaction. But of course there are a lot of people around who put deals together—I suppose a Murchison hears from several of them every day. What Grant has done more especially has been to create for himself a role as a kind of total adviser to corporations—a role which, as far as I know, is duplicated only by similar quintessential generalists and by the more imaginative investment bankers. He is usually retained as financial and legal consultant to the board of directors, and frequently goes on the board itself. His generalist purpose is to alter, orient, and organize both the enterprise itself and its appearance to the financial public, so that the inherent values will be recognized and will become marketable. The Wall Street term for this is "merchandising paper."

The kinds of situations and solutions involved in the process of "merchandising paper" are too numerous to tell about, or even to catalogue. I shall content myself with offering two case histories in which Grant played an important role. The first concerns a leading company in the postwar office-building boom in the revolutionized urban real estate market, which in

* Grant worked out his first deferred compensation arrangement for a leading male star in 1946. The technique caught on. In its annual reports on executive compensation (based on studies of half or more of the companies listed on the New York Stock Exchange), the *Harvard Business Review* states that 17 per cent of the companies had deferred compensation deals going for top executives in 1955, 26 per cent in 1956, and a full one-third in 1957. Quite recently, the Internal Revenue Service stopped struggling and has abandoned its finickiness in reviewing these arrangements, which means they are finally "in."

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New York City alone has transformed the face of midtown Park Avenue and Fifth Avenue in a single decade.

The company I speak of is the Tishman Realty & Construction Co., Inc., a third-generation family enterprise (Julian Tishman began building tenements in 1898), which is currently 53.5 per cent publicly owned. Tishman claims several firsts in the new bonanza market—that the 22-story office building it put up at 445 Park Avenue in 1947 was the first to be erected on that street of streets since the late 20's (and thus started the fabulous trend); that it was the first fully air-conditioned structure in New York City; and more important still, that it was "one of the first" to be financed by the "sale-lease-back" method, which perhaps more than anything else distinguishes the current real estate market from the ill-remembered one of the 20's.

Just as people were slow to get into the postwar stock market because of the lingering odor of 1929, although it was a totally different market, so also it took effort and clever merchandising to get across the even greater differences between the two real estate markets. But to tell the complicated story briefly, the difference from which all other differences flow is the present practice of major corporations of signing long-term leases for substantial prime office space, frequently several full floors. (One has only to stroll up Park Avenue from Grand Central to 57th Street to realize that this small stretch is becoming the plush headquarters of the corporate world, comparable to the blocks of Wall Street which for nearly a century have been known as the center of the financial world.) The corporations go for the long-term leases these days probably because they have greater confidence they will be in business fifteen or twenty years from now; the government in effect pays half the cost of fancier, fully integrated headquarter offices; there is no good reason any longer (and a number of disadvantages) for leaving the main office in Keokuk where the first plant happened by chance to be located. Business, as distinct from production, is concentrated in the largest cities, with New York first.

A lease for twenty years with the signature of General Motors on it is as good as money—better in fact, since the new leases include escalator clauses which provide against rising taxes and labor costs, and so contain a built-in hedge against inflation. Before the era of the big lease, the amount of money a builder could borrow on a mortgage was ordinarily two-thirds of the appraised value of the land acquired and the building to be constructed. The additional one-third had to be supplied out of the builder's own pocket (equity capital) or by means of an expensive second mortgage, when that was available. Today, the mortgage lender will take into consideration the value of the long-term leases as well as the land and building, and so is willing to lend more than two-thirds. This of course reduces the builder's investment—and there have been some wonderful instances where, after a brief period, the builder's investment has been reduced to zero by the time construction was completed.

The legal device for effectuating this marvelous maneuver is the "sale-and-leaseback," which substitutes for the conventional mortgage. What happens is that instead of mortgaging the land and building, the builder sells it and simultaneously leases it back from the purchaser, usually an insurance company. Because of the added value of the long-term corporate leases, the insurance company is willing to pay a purchase price of more than two-thirds of the cost of the completed building—on some occasions, the full cost. The rental that the builder is required to pay to the insurance company under the leaseback is sufficiently smaller than the net operating income on the fully rented building to allow for a good profit. The margin of profit on the leaseback is like an owner's equity under conventional mort-

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gage financing. Instead of paying mortgage interest and amortization, the builder —now a lessee—pays rental. This gives him a tax advantage in that he pays deductible rent rather than non-deductible amortization. In a reversal of roles, the insurance company—now an owner—gets the right to depreciate the cost of the building, which is just about as good, taxwise, as amortization of a mortgage. In the year 2000-something, the insurance company ends up owning the land and building free of any leasehold. (Grant himself half believes the big life insurance companies will finally own the better part of Manhattan island in fee simple in 50 or 100 years.) This whole financial operation is in effect underwritten by major corporate tenants. It's a beautiful thing.

In fact, it's so good that a lot of people who should have known better wouldn't believe it at first. They just couldn't see it: they remembered the 30's as a dreary procession of reorganizations in bankruptcy of almost every major building put up in the 20's in New York City. Many investors were determined not to be burned again. One consequence of this backwardness was that Tishman's stock was selling for $8 million in 1955 (400,000 shares at $20 a share), although the new proposition had already been proven in practice. Two years later, when Grant's generalist work was done, the stock sold for $37 million. Recently, 1,900,000 shares were selling at about $25 a share, or better than $47 million. The $29 or $39 million difference is "merchandised paper," and real as rain.

How was it done? On one level, it can be said that the existing values of the business were properly presented. On another, that conventional backwardness was overcome by conventional forwardness. But the heart of the matter was the merchandising of corporate values—bringing certain facts about the operation, and their interrelations, to the attention of the financial public. For example:

- People were overlooking the highly important fact that substantial cash was being generated by the company under the guise of depreciation charges. Depreciation deductions are taken and allowed for tax purposes on the theory that as each year passes buildings "wear out" and decrease in value—but in the postwar real estate market almost all buildings, including the oldest, have increased in value. Viewed practically rather than conventionally, this depreciation-cash was similar to net profits after taxes and dividends —and on this basis the company had developed over $23 million from 1945 to 1956 which (cash alone) was $15 million more than the stock was selling for.

- Tishman regularly showed important profit in capital gains on the sale of older properties, but apparently the public discounted this because such profits usually appear on operating statements under the heading "non-recurring gain," which is the conventional accounting designation. It took the financial community a little while to realize that these profitable sales were a recurrent feature of Tishman's business—and that they also indicated a significant upgrading of the company's inventory (that is, the company was replacing not as good old buildings with better new buildings).

- The better this inventory became, and the more depreciation (really profit) that was taken, the more the company's assets were undervalued on its books—balance sheet entries are conventionally set at depreciated cost. With the most successful sale-leaseback deal, no cost at all would appear on the books, because the future profit was based on a lease that entailed no continuing investment, and so would not be an asset at all! Since the balance sheet understated the appreciated value of properties, $29 million of assets actually had a market value of about $70 million.

- In the real estate market of the 20's the big danger, and what ended up by collapsing the whole endeavor, was that the

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builder had to hock everything to get the necessary second mortgage and equity money. But in the new market, based on long-term leases and sale-leaseback, lenders have allowed the builder to insulate each transaction in a separate corporation, without any extra guaranties or collateral. So if a particular deal goes sour, other profitable enterprises are not dragged down with it. A very important difference.

The pattern of concealed values was brought out in the open, and the means of trading in the paper representing them were facilitated. First, the annual report to Tishman stockholders was overhauled (the one for 1955 began, unpardonably, with a "Submitted herewith" and went on to the deadly "I am pleased to report" and "It is most gratifying to note") and turned into a potent exposition of the new market and Tishman's position in it. These reports, which are required by the SEC, have come to be recognized as a blessing rather than an imposition, and now are widely used as publicity vehicles. Also, Norman Tishman as president of the company told the new story with considerable effect to the influential New York Society of Security Analysts—and, as usual with addresses to this group, copies were distributed to the market community and through them to the buying public. So the story got around.

Then, the floating supply of stock was too small—only 400,000 shares, well over half of which were held by the Tishman family, employees, and so on—with the result that infrequent trading and erratic price changes marred the market for the stock. So the 400,000 shares, selling at $20 a share in 1955, were split 2-for-1 in December of that year; a 10 per cent stock dividend was declared in January 1956; another 5 per cent increase in December; a second 2-for-1 split in June 1957; and another 5 per cent dividend in January 1958. All this cutting up came to about a 385 per cent increase in paper, better than 1,500,000 additional potential pieces of it—each of which has been selling recently for $23–$25 apiece! During most of this time, the aggregate cash dividend was not noticeably increased—although after awhile there were some extras.

(Stock splits—and stock dividends, which have the same effect—are among the weirdest phenomena of the current market. In 1944, there were twenty-two splits-or-dividends on the Big Board, six in the popular 2-for-1 range. The movement hit its peak in 1956 when there were two hundred and ninety in all, including sixty-five 2-for-1'ers. Again and again, the increased aggregate of shares will sell for more after the split, although nothing real has happened except that paper has been cut up. The whole strange phenomenon is supposed to have started big after a 2-for-1 by General Motors in 1950, when it was noticed that twice as many pieces of paper were somehow more valuable. Cheaper stock and more of it increases the floating supply and trading volume generally—you might say it enlarges the game by letting the pikers in. Tradition has always made the round-lot—multiples of 100 shares—somewhat magical, and cheaper stock broadens the base of round-lot trading. So all by itself more paper means greater volume which, in this market, moves the price up.)

So, COMPLICATED values inhering in the whirl of modern paper property were coherently presented, and the Tishman company had an up-to-date coming-out party. This "merchandising" program was not at all hurt, of course, by the fact that 1956–58 were Tishman's best years for earnings. But there's the whole point, for the business generalist, who knows that earning potential is the heart of paper-value. He feels sometimes it is downright wicked to allow innocent stockholders to sell a piece of paper, all unknowing, at a fraction of its value. But you have to get up and *move,* to make it clear to the stockholder.

Grant has a firm belief that property must be made available in the proper

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"package" in order to be appreciated, in order to be taken at its inherent value. This has nothing to do with hustling stock through excessive puff in the selling, or indeed with any of the various elements of a Madison Avenue hard sell. Proper packaging of paper values is comparable, rather, to effective writing: instead of lumping together a miscellany of ideas, moods, and burble, one can, by prior analysis and sensitive use of language, present a rhetorically coherent expression. The analogy to the classical sense of rhetoric is quite apt: by packaging, one creates a rhetorical bridge between the existence of property values and the market for them. (The old word "rhetoric" does not have the same meaning of falsification as the modern word "propaganda": the Greeks understood that it was one thing to discover the truth and something else again to make it known.)

Packaging means—to be academic for a moment—both the legal form property values are given, and the combination of actual values within a legal form. As in the previous real estate example, the legal form would be a conventional mortgage or the newer sale-and-leaseback device; the values within the legal form would be land-bricks-and-mortar alone, or those usual elements along with long-term leases. In one sense, the story of packaging is probably co-equal with the history of property and contract law; but in modern times at least we are becoming much more aware of what this history of our law was all about—especially under the bursting proliferation of corporate and tax forms.

One of Grant's fondest feats of packaging was the "spin-off" of S. Klein Department Stores, Inc., from its parent, Grayson-Robinson Stores, Inc. (A spin-off is more or less the opposite of a merger —an approved device under the Internal Revenue Code for making two companies out of one, in a tax-free transaction.) Klein's is a famous and very profitable low-price store located in New York City's Union Square district. This fast-action department store—which has more than one "discount riot" to its credit—pioneered a number of modern merchandising concepts, including low-overhead self-service, cash-and-carry department store selling, and what came to be known as the discount house operation. It is a cash business that turns over its inventory money twelve times a year, and has a bare minimum of fixed assets.

Grayson-Robinson is a chain of nationwide specialty stores which started out in California and is still concentrated in the West. It runs a good business, but has nothing like the fast profitable turnover of Klein's. Grayson, again unlike its former subsidiary, has a high asset value—mostly leasehold improvements on its more than 120 stores. The market value of its stock has always been less than its book value (net worth according to the balance sheet). After the spin-off, Grayson sold on the New York Stock Exchange for about one-third of book value—Klein's sold on the American at thirteen times book.

Grayson acquired the Union Square store from the estate of the founder in 1946. The new management up-dated and expanded the low-price, mass-selling policies initiated by Samuel Klein decades before in New York's famous working class area. And they made a lot of money. But the Klein operation was, so to speak, under the lid of the more widely known (outside of New York) and less flamboyant Grayson-Robinson business. Moreover, Klein's profit capacity was seen always in relation to Grayson's heavy asset investment. (Following the usual practice, Klein was carried on Grayson's books at cost; and the management prepared consolidated financial statements which lumped together the operations of the two businesses.

When he came into the situation, Grant recognized that this was clearly the wrong package. Utilizing one of the generalist's first principles—that two plus two seldom equals an obvious four in financial matters —and being a tax man aware of the spin-

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off technique, he decided to lift the lid and present Klein in its own true package. It took a year of hard work to accomplish this: the details make interesting lawyer-talk, but would probably bore or confuse the lay reader. As an example, there was a large insurance company loan the obligation on which had to be parceled out between the divided companies, and that took months of negotiation. It is much easier to merge two separate companies than to make two out of an existing one.

But it was worth all the work, because Grant's idea about the proper package turned out to be right. From the announcement of the intention to separate the companies to the date of the actual spin-off, when new shares of Klein were distributed share-for-share to Grayson stockholders (and while the lawyer-work was going on), the price of Grayson stock went from $7 to better than $20. After the spin-off, Klein sold at $13 while Grayson (without Klein) stayed at $7. There were about 800,000 shares of Grayson outstanding, worth $5.6 million at $7 a share—and when 800,000 shares of Klein emerged from out of the Janus-head, $10.4 million in paper value appeared from "nowhere." Three years after the spin-off, the range of Grayson averaged about $12 and that of Klein about $18, so the whole fresh package went from $5.4 to $24 million.

That's an example of "packaging." (There are many others.) Perhaps the concept can be summed up in this way: never sell a pregnant mare for the price of an ordinary horse. Or: the whole is equal to the sum of its parts—yes, but only for the generalist who ignores the *given* whole, studies the parts carefully, and does his own addition.

GRANT is so completely the general expert that he can both enjoy and profit immensely from his nice involvement in our property system, and also stand off and look at it objectively. When in a mellow mood, his favorite image is that in our business system we are playing a "kitty" poker game—the kind he says he played throughout college. In this sort of poker, something from every pot goes into a kitty, and after enough action has been had the kitty is divided up among the losers—and you can start playing again. Otherwise, there would be one or two big winners and no more poker game. By the percentage to the kitty, of course, he means to refer to the annual tax-bite, which the government in effect distributes to the losers.

But as with a lot of people these days who are perceptive as well as successful, not all of his moods are mellow, and he is both uneasy and discouraged that Americans are continuing the conventional poker game even after the Russians have challenged us to a much more serious—and exciting—competition. For production rather than merely paper profit. (He takes the continuing bull market as proof of our lack of seriousness in meeting this challenge, of our concentration on paper rather than production: and maybe in his musings he also remembers those wartime days back in Richmond, California, and 30 important troopships.) A lifelong liberal Democrat, and active in both of Stevenson's campaigns, he is not one of those in his party who have been lulled or enticed into a spiritual me-too-ism by eight years of Prosperous Nothing. He thinks we're in trouble and that we ought to get busy doing something about it. In the present unusual circumstances, too much business as usual could end up ruining the business system.

It is strong medicine for a man who has prospered under this exciting productive system to stand witness to its fall into ignominious second place. I suppose he feels he did not become a successful generalist, a "pure" manager in the liveliest managerial system of them all, to see "his" enterprise lose out almost without a struggle to imitative and amateurish upstarts. But he is enough of a generalist to be able to see that exactly that is happening. And like many others in his fraternity, he will ponder the question, *Why?*

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DWIGHT MACDONALD

The Candidates and I

I HAVE been reading a book called *Candidates 1960* edited by Eric Sevareid and published by Basic Books, and it has activated two old prejudices, the one against newspaper journalism and the one against voting. (Actually they aren't prejudices at all but reasoned conclusions based on experience.)

To take the more important one first: I have long been puzzled by the mystique that surrounds newspaper writing. People —especially newspapermen or, even more especially, ex-newspapermen—talk as if it were a craft practiced by a glamorous few who happen to be endowed with arcane skills. But in fact, anyone of normal intelligence can write a news story—I often wonder what they teach in those journalism schools, must be like learning to tie one's shoelaces. No special literary or mental qualities are required, since the point is not in the writing but in the mere presentation of brute facts which, since they are new, are of interest in themselves. The citizens of Athens probably didn't worry much about the diction or the profundity of thought of the messenger who brought them news of Marathon.

Speaking as a magazine journalist, I find the by-line stories in our leading dailies full of clichés, badly organized, wordy, superficial, and, in general, child's play compared to the simplest task I undertake. I have never been on a newspaper, but for a few weeks during my first year on *Fortune* I got some sense of what it is like. The editor of *Time*'s Business & Finance department was sick and I was put into his place. It was a delightful vacation; compared to the labor of organizing and writing even a short (3,000 words) *Fortune* piece, knocking out a half dozen little news stories a week was nothing; and yet *Time* must be harder to write for than a daily newspaper, since each *Time* story is the distillation of many news clips, which takes some thought and some writing skill. I concluded that the labor and talent involved in writing a magazine article is to that of writing a newspaper story as playing a Brahms sonata is to playing chopsticks.

Candidates 1960 has not changed my mind. The book consists of nine articles on Nixon, Kennedy, Symington and other leading presidential "hopefuls," as we newspapermen say. They were written by "top-flight Washington correspondents" (for such papers as the Baltimore *Sun*, the New York *Herald-Tribune*, and the Louisville *Courier-Journal*). But except for a sensitive sketch of Stevenson by Mary McGrory of the Washington *Star*, they are all badly written and even worse organized, slinging a great many Facts at the reader with only the most primitive effort to put them into a coherent pattern. (Mr. Sevareid's introduction, "The Ideal Candi-

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date," is thoughtful and well written, but he doesn't count since he is a CBS news analyst rather than a newspaperman.) The first article begins: "Two slabs of honeydew melon, one patently green, the other lusciously ripe, were among the many odd links in the chain that pulled Nelson Aldrich Rockefeller to his smashing victory in New York's gubernatorial election." Leaving aside the awkwardness of melons being links in a chain, one feels that this sort of writing cannot get at the truth. Another begins: "Just before midnight on December 1, 1958, an American traveler burst into his room in Moscow's National Hotel and startled his dozing wife with an excited account of an interview he had conducted a few minutes earlier." A third: "On a gray January day in 1952, after an excellent lunch with a group of important Democrats at the St. Louis Noonday Club. . . ." One can hear the instructor at the Columbia School of Journalism: Be Specific ("gray January day," "just before midnight on December 1, 1958"), The Lead Must Arouse Interest (those two slices of melon, now what could they *possibly* have to do with Rockefeller's career?), Get Color Into Your Copy (that "dozing wife"). Now these are all professional writers, at least newspaper writers, and this is the degraded language they have become habituated to using. The lack of thought or elementary organization cannot be demonstrated without tedium; the reader may take my word for it or, better, see for himself. Apparently when a newspaperman tries to write anything over a thousand words that is not a simple reprise of yesterday's Facts, his higher faculties, long disused, are stunned and Chaos and Old Night are come again.

As for my prejudice against voting—reading *Candidates 1960,* or trying to read it, has set me again to wondering why one is always considered irresponsible, at the very least, if one shows no interest in elections. I recall voting in four presidential ones: for Al Smith in 1928, for Roosevelt in 1932, for either Roosevelt or Thomas in 1936 (can't recall which), and for Stevenson in 1952. The first three may be set down to youthful inexperience, but the last needs some explaining. My excuse is that Stevenson appealed to me personally. He got me with his televised speeches on the night of his nomination: that moving, spontaneous, wonderfully *real* let-this-cup-pass-from-me talk on the lawn when he first got the news; and his formal acceptance speech a few hours later at the convention, which struck me as intellectually clear and morally serious, in short as noble. How hollow, fat-headed and "official" his predecessors sounded that night, even Harry Truman! The quality of the man came through even more positively than Roosevelt's in his "fireside talks," for Roosevelt was instinctively a demagogue, a gentlemanly demagogue, a decent and sensible demagogue, but still a demagogue, craftily keeping himself on the level of his hearers. But Stevenson in 1952 was an actual person. I liked his campaign; he was decisive and courageous; I liked especially his humor, which the Republicans claimed showed he was not serious, but which I thought showed just the opposite. Well. We know what happened that time. By 1956 Stevenson was behaving like a politician or even, God help us, a statesman. He was avoiding "the tough ones," was generalizing as much as possible, and was severely repressing his alleged frivolity. So I didn't vote.

Nor do I expect to vote for any of the Candidates 1960. My chief objection to them is, I'm afraid, personal. Each of them seems to me to have allowed his handlers to "build him up" into a candidate by rubbing off all the rough edges that make a Somebody out of Anybody. As E. E. Cummings writes: *a politician is an arse upon / which everyone has sat except a man.* It might be called building up by tearing down. The trouble is they've all been built up (or torn down) to the same level, so that there's not enough to

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choose between them, to justify standing in line and making the muscular effort to pull down this or that lever. And what's it to me, really?

If I were threatened with a gun (or a fine of, say, over $100), I should probably vote again for Stevenson, who still remains, after eight years, not only the most distinguished, honest, and intelligent candidate on either side but also the *only* distinguished, etc.

There are several possible criticisms of the above position from the Good Citizenship standpoint. One is that it is frivolous to vote for a candidate merely because he appeals to one as a person. Another is that it is immoral to put a price on one's vote, even a negative price of minus $100. A third is that the victory of one or the other candidate "makes a difference" and so it is one's duty to pull down that lever. All assume (a) that there are important issues before the country and (b) that one has at least some vague idea as to which candidate, or at least which party, will do best, from one's point of view, on these issues.

WHAT are the issues this time? The only important domestic one is racial equality, that is, it is the only issue on which there is any serious disagreement as to the need for a change in the status quo. We are not threatened with the loss of our traditional freedoms; McCarthyism is quiescent and no major candidate is on record against civil liberties. Quite the contrary—civil liberties are definitely *chic*. Nor are there any important economic issues, as there were in 1932 and 1936. Since 1940, the country is rich beyond the dreams of Midas (or Karl Marx); the rich are richer, as is their disgusting habit, but the poor are doing far better than they ever have before. It is true there still are disgracefully many millions of them. It is also true that the classic proletariat of Marx—the miners, the steel and auto workers, the truck drivers, etc.—have made disproportionate gains while the white-collar workers, the clerks and librarians and teachers, are being paid much less than the social value of their work. But the proletarians are organized into powerful unions—the farmers aren't doing badly either—and I see no candidate or party that is dedicated to redressing this balance.

So we are left with the race "question"—though why it is a Question, or a Problem, I don't see since the Negroes have all the right on their side—and even this is not a political issue except in the South. Both parties are for desegregation. Perhaps the Republicans are more reliable here, for obvious reasons. (And we shouldn't forget that the present splendid attack on the ancient mores of the South was initiated and has been kept in being largely by the U.S. Supreme Court under the leadership of Eisenhower's appointee, Chief Justice Earl Warren.) But even the Democratic floor leader in the Senate, Johnson of Texas, a most accomplished politician by all reports, felt it wise to push through 24-hour sessions to defeat a Southern filibuster on the latest civil rights bill. One might also note, as explaining perhaps Senator Johnson's concern for Negro voting rights, the curious behavior of certain Southern police forces when race riots threatened to develop as a result of the equally curious insistence of Negro students on being served sitting down at lunch counters. (It was OK for them to get their food standing up, it seems, one of those fine distinctions which will always baffle us Northerners, who don't understand the real, the existential nature of the nigras.) The cops actually upheld law & order, turning fire hoses on the rioters and arresting *both* races. This history-making advance in civilization, like Senator Johnson's behavior, was of course due only partly to the Supreme Court. It was primarily a recognition of the political and social strength which the Negroes have built up since 1945. They have done it themselves to a large extent, but they have been able to do it only because of a swing

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of the political balance in their direction which is the most hopeful postwar development in these states.

FOREIGN policy is the other area where it might theoretically make a difference which candidate or which party one voted for. The crucial area, in fact, since it involves the survival of humanity. But it is just here that (a) the amateur voter cannot be expected to have any sensible opinion, and (b) there is no detectable difference between the parties.

(a) I assume that everyone except perhaps James Burnham and William Buckley, Jr., who have other fish to fry, are (1) worried about the effects of radiation on the human species and are therefore (2) anxious to avoid a war with the Soviet Union. (1) involves the matter of bomb tests, but I have personally been unable to decide what dangers exactly may be expected from continuing such tests; one eminent scientist issues an alarmist statement and another claims it is no worse than a bad cold; how in the world is an amateur to decide? Obviously it would be best to run no risks and stop all the tests, but then the political issue arises—if We stop and They don't, then will We lag so far behind Them that We become an inviting target? (There is a moratorium on tests at the moment, but God knows how or why it was arrived at.) (2) involves our general policy toward the Soviet bloc—should it be tough, soft, or in between? Containment or Coexistence? Is a tough policy more likely to avoid war than a soft one? I would say so, but this is merely because of my intensive study of the Soviet phenomenon when I was a Trotskyist twenty years ago, and I really wouldn't want our government to commit itself on this basis; also, Khrushchev is quite a different proposition from Stalin. And what is "tough" and what is "soft"? Can an electorate, most of whom are probably even less equipped than I to judge these matters (at least I read the New York *Times*), be expected to have a sensible judgment?

(b) Even if some of the electorate do have such a judgment, what is the difference between the parties? One would expect the Democrats to be "softer" but they don't seem to be. They are the ones who press for bigger "defense" appropriations —I put the word in quotes because in this age of push-button wars the concept of Attack or Defense seems to be either casuistic or accidental—while the Republicans, for budget-balancing reasons unconnected with foreign policy, are on the other side. One would also expect the Democrats to be more sensitive to (a), but, except for Stevenson, they aren't. I'm not aware of any ringing statements by Humphrey, Kennedy, Johnson, or Symington on the horrors of atomic radiation (or is it, by now, hydrogenic?—that I don't know shows how specialized the whole subject has become). But I do remember that Truman came out *against* stopping bomb tests several years ago. And I also recall, when I was a Hoyt Fellow for a week at Yale two years ago, sitting in on a class conducted by Dean Acheson, another temporary Fellow, and discovering that he was not only of the opinion of Truman (who was also a Fellow that week—the groves of Academe are right on the main line these days) but had apparently not even heard there was any other. Stevenson had come out against the tests—maybe one should, really, write him in this time —but Acheson, the Republicans' *bête noire,* the non-back-turner on Alger Hiss, was blandly, genuinely perplexed when I raised the point. Finally, the Republicans used to be sincere isolationists; one could depend on them to be wrong on principle. But now their leading contender, Mr. Nixon, has for years been throwing his weight on the side of foreign aid, worrying about underdeveloped countries, and in general behaving in this area like Henry Luce or Max Lerner. It's all very confusing. For example, which candidate would such serious students of foreign policy as Walter Lippmann and George Kennan choose? One really doesn't know.

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I SUGGEST that our national elections—local ones sometimes present issues on which, since they are circumscribed, the voter may theoretically have some sensible opinion as to which side will advance his interests—I suggest they are perhaps elaborate techniques for avoiding, rather than resolving, political issues. In a country of almost two hundred million inhabitants, the scale is so large that nobody really knows what will be the effect of any political action.* All this excitement about presidential elections, this enormous expenditure of space in the press, these ridiculous conventions so thoroughly "covered" by highly paid technicians, all this is mere escapism, since whoever is elected will do roughly what he must and in any case cannot do very much, as compared to the changes that a newly elected mayor of a smallish city can, if he will, make. The bigger the job, the slighter the chances of effective action. I see national politics as mere busy-work to divert the civic-minded from the real political questions, which are local, practical matters that (a) make a real difference in the lives of the voters, and (b) can be decided one way or the other.

Granted that in certain historical turning points it does make a difference—Roosevelt's victory over Hoover in 1932 is an example, also Churchill's replacing Chamberlain in 1940—my opinion is that Armageddon happens rarely and that most times, this year for instance, the effect of one as against another built-up-torn-down candidate is in the realm of metaphysics and so of little interest to sensible people.

I realize this view is not universally shared. One of my fellow citizens has given a touching picture of his reactions to a presidential campaign:

> So that day in 1952 somebody said: "But you can't have a heart attack *now*. You've got to vote tomorrow if we have to take you there on a stretcher." As I walked away from the polling-place in that same autumn sunlight, I was struck down. . . . Later, I clawed my way through drugs and made out foggily a small bare room and a little nurse, sitting in one corner. When I stirred, she jumped up and asked if there was anything she could do for me. I said: "Tell me how the election turned out." She hesitated, disappeared, reappeared almost at once and said: "A landslide for Eisenhower." I stopped fighting the sedative and fell almost peacefully asleep.

This is Whittaker Chambers writing in the *National Review*. But it might have been Murray Kempton, also a master of politically emotive prose, who works the other side of the street. For in general the liberals get more hopped up about elections than the reactionaries do. For them, Armageddon is a quadrennial festival—already I'm being exhorted to use my vote to Keep Nixon out of the White House.

But the odd thing is that, while one is made to feel like a lonely pariah if one says one is not going to vote, almost half the qualified voters in even the most hotly contested presidential election are in the same boat. That is, they simply don't bother to vote. Since the process takes only an hour or two, about as much as to see a movie or to drink a few beers in congenial company, one must conclude that almost half the electorate of this country couldn't care less who is to be the next president. I salute them. They have the root of the matter in them, they are politically mature, even if most of them don't know why they don't vote. They probably think they are just too lazy or ignorant or selfish or drunk to do so, but these excuses, adequate for a social worker, don't go down with me. They don't vote because they don't want to vote, of their own free will, and they don't want to because they feel it won't make any difference and that none of the candidates represents them and their

* Tolstoy's lengthy remarks in *War and Peace* on the absurdity of even a genius like Napoleon—and I see no genius among the Candidates 1960—pretending to foresee or control events involving millions of people each of whom, for such is the marvelous unpredictability of the human condition, may act in a way which throws out the larger calculation; I say Tolstoy's observations, while an artistic blemish on his great work, seem to me in themselves quite sensible.

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interests. (It's also discouraging, in a country this size, to think that one's vote is only about 1/70,000,000 of the total.) One may be sure almost none of the 45 per cent of the electorate that never votes—the dark side of the political moon, so to speak—are abstaining because of anarchist principle. They would probably be shocked to read Proudhon's famous indictment of elections, written a century ago but still to the point:

> What do all these elections matter to me? . . .
>
> It is said that it is necessary to do something, but I do not see the necessity of doing anything at such a price. Neither election nor voting, even if unanimous, solves anything. . . . I understand that one may submit to an arbitrary decision upon questions that are of no personal importance to one. . . . But upon principles, upon civil liberties and social tendencies, upon my labor, my subsistence, my life, upon this very question of Government—on all these vital matters, I reject all presumptive authority, all indirect solutions. *Here* I see universal suffrage as simply a lottery. . . .
>
> On the tenth of December, 1848, the People were consulted upon the choice of their first magistrate and they named Louis Napoleon by 5½ million out of 7 million voters. . . . From the standpoint of universal suffrage, I ought to accept his policy as the policy of the People. . . .
>
> Do you still talk of the People? I mean the People as it shows itself in mass meetings and at the ballot box, the People which they did not dare consult about the Republic in February, the People which during the June Days overwhelmingly declared itself against socialism, the People which elected Louis Bonaparte because it adored Napoleon Bonaparte, the People which did not rise on June 13 and did not protest on May 31. Is this the People which will be enlightened from above when it comes to choosing capable and virtuous representatives and deciding upon the organization of Labor, Credit, Property and Power itself? . . .
>
> Enough! Let us be frank. Universal suffrage, the popular mandate, the whole elective system is but child's play. I will not trust them with my labor, my peace of mind, my fortune. I will not risk a hair of my head to defend them.

ANARCHIST theory is almost as forgotten today as Gnosticism was after the 3rd century, when Christianity had exterminated it as heretical. Yet anarchism has more to tell us today, I think, than does Marxism both about what's wrong with our over-centralized and over-organized society and about what steps might be taken to improve matters. "Bakunin has a peculiar theory," Engels wrote in 1872. "The chief point is that he does not regard capital . . . as the main evil to be abolished. Instead, he thinks it is above all the State which must be done away with, and then capitalism will go to hell of itself. We, on the contrary, say: Do away with capital, the appropriation of the whole means of production in the hands of the few, and the State will fall away of itself. The difference is an essential one." It is, indeed, and much in Bakunin's favor. Capitalism was abolished in Russia, but the more industry and agriculture were collectivized the more powerful grew the State. It is anarchism that shows a way out from the central problem of our time, the submerging of the individual in mass industrial society and in the centralized super-State. Marxism is revolutionary about private property, but this is no longer a central issue, and it is reactionary on the State, which it glorifies so long as it is that contradiction in terms, a "Workers' Socialist State." The only hope is some kind of anarchist decentralization which will break up mass society into communities small enough so that the individual can make himself felt, can express and defend *his own special interests*. The horrors of collectivization in China, which recently disturbed even Khrushchev, show what happens when the revolution goes according to Marx. Anarchism leads back to the individual and the community. It substitutes

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for coercion voluntary cooperation and it dares to think that people can help themselves better than Robert Moses, the U.S. Senate, and the cops can help them. This approach to politics is revolutionary, that is, it is both impractical and necessary.

There is quite a lot of anarchism going on now in this country. The bourgeois free market, insofar as it still exists, is an admirably anarchist device for distributing goods—even the Russians have been forced to edge back toward it lately, the effects of planning and state control on the economy being what they are. Our national talent for voluntary groups—from taxpayers' leagues to parent-teacher associations, garden clubs, farm cooperatives, charity organizations, and alumni associations—is in the anarchist tradition of free cooperation. The lunch counter sit-downs in the South have anarchist features: they were started spontaneously by Negro student groups, and they have been using a Gandhian technique of non-violent resistance that has been worked out by one of my favorite cause groups, CORE, or the Congress of Racial Equality.* What I like, as an anarchist, about CORE is that its members use non-violent direct action on small, local, immediate problems, going in groups to segregated restaurants, soda fountains, swimming pools, barber shops (they got a non-segregated barber shop in State College, Pa., by offering an initial stake of $1800 to a Philadelphia barber to open a shop there), parks, beaches, and lunch counters.

Local issues these, but really much more important than whether Nixon or Kennedy gets that job. The Montgomery bus strike was also a small, local action, but the capacity for spontaneous organization and self-restraint shown by its participants was inspiriting to all of us and must have enormously raised the morale of the participants. They were doing something for themselves, which is the first quality of a good citizen. Compare the mess that Eisenhower made of the Little Rock situation by rushing in the troops; it is only the Supreme Court's tenacity in insisting that the Fourteenth Amendment means what it says, plus the equally cool tenacity of the colored population of the South in fighting for its rights, that has prevented Little Rock from being a national disaster.

LAST summer John Bowles, the president of Rexall Drugstores, during a visit to Moscow was bothered when a Soviet girl guide asked him why, if the United States was so democratic and the Soviet Union so not so, only 60 per cent of the former's electorate voted in the 1956 elections, while 98 per cent of the latter's turned out for every election. Mr. Bowles was all the more irritated because her figures were right: "This burned me up, but I also came back as something of a dedicated man." His dedication, according to the New York *Times* of February 24, took the form of a great get-out-the-vote campaign which now involves not only the 10,000 Rexall drugstores but also the American Legion, the League of Women Voters, the American Heritage Foundation, the Coca-Cola company, and, more or less *ex officio,* the chairman of the Democratic and the Republican parties. (Politically active types always seem to prefer that one vote against their party rather than not vote at all. Non-voting tends to throw doubt on the whole business, like not bothering to answer back in an argument.) It sounds like very big stuff, but when one gets down to reading the fine print, one finds that the combined political imaginations of Mr. Bowles, the American Legion, and the rest of his colleagues, including Coca-Cola, have, after their patriotic labors, come up with a very small mouse indeed: those 10,000 drugstores will be used "as centers of information on where, when and how citizens may register to vote and [in the stately prose of

* One of the most sensible and inspiring documents on race relations today is the illustrated history of its activities that CORE has just put out, *Cracking the Color Line,* which may be obtained for $1 from its office at 38 Park Row, New York City.

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the *Times*] subsequently may cast their ballots." Coca-Cola will cooperate by "providing display boards, posters and signs to be erected in the drugstores," perhaps with a Norman Rockwell painting of coke-drinkers lining up before some sleeve-gartered, bespectacled, kindly old Vermont registrar—The Pause That Refreshes. In some of the more wacky states like California, it will be legally possible to deputize the drug clerks as registration officers. And that's about all there is to Operation Rexall.

So many things don't seem to have occurred to him. For instance, that the 98 per cent turnout in Soviet elections is a symptom not of democracy but of totalitarianism: Hitler also got 90 per cent plus in his "elections." And that it really isn't because people can't find the polls that they don't vote; it is not a matter of information but rather of interest. We Americans tend to think that if somebody is given All The Facts, he will draw the proper conclusions—one recalls Nixon's desperate, incredulous cry to the students of Lima (who were throwing rocks at him), "Don't you want to hear *facts?*" That a free-born American citizen, even after being completely informed as to "where, when and how" he could vote (not to mention those convenient drug clerks—let's hope an order for a cherry phosphate doesn't get converted into a Republican registration); that he even then might choose *not* to vote, this is beyond the imagination of Mr. Bowles and the American Heritage Foundation.

One more thing that didn't occur to Mr. Bowles (a native of Monroe, North Carolina) is that the only part of America where such a get-out-the-vote campaign is necessary is the South. He was asked "what his Southern retail outlets would do when Negroes sought information in areas where registration of Negroes was discouraged if not prevented." (The "if not" phrase may be recommended to all journalism-school students who want to get a job on the *Times*.) His reply was forthright and definite: "Our clerks will offer no advice. They'll simply point to the blackboard containing all the information." One looks forward to a massive Negro registration in the South.

Mr. Bowles and his impressive supporters are typical of the sober, serious, and civic-minded citizens who have had a good education and have a stake in the country. But their stake and their education have perhaps made them obtuse as to what elections really mean to the actual living breathing individual American citizen. It is this individual interest which is the only serious political point; I agree with the young Marx when he insisted, against Hegel, that the State is made for Man and not the other way round. The State, our euphemism for free democratic elections, has become a fetish with our educated classes, especially in contrast to the horrors, and they are horrors, of Soviet totalitarianism. Certainly it is good for citizens, all other things being equal, to have a chance to vote freely on Candidates 1960. But this is a minor good compared to the real political issues, which, except in some local elections, are not touched at all; I mean issues like sitting down at lunch counters or, in New York, the successful efforts of that great planner and public servant, Robert Moses, to destroy such slight remnants of community life as remain in this anonymous urban wasteland. The trouble is also that all other things are not usually equal in historical crises, where it counts. The majority may be swayed, against their own interests, by some demagogue like Louis Napoleon, or they may be euchred, in a semi-legal way, as they were by the Bolsheviks in 1917 and by Hitler in 1933. Do you still talk of The People? Let us rather talk about ourselves.

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GEORGE LICHTHEIM

The Role of the Intellectuals

AN ESSAY on the current social significance of the floating stratum variously known as "the intellectuals" or "the intelligentsia" must at the outset face the obvious problem of coming to terms with its own implied assumptions: notably, the belief that the theme warrants yet another effort at clarification. This could easily turn out to be a piece of self-deception. Intellectuals, after all, are people who specialize in generalities. A writer who assigns an important role to their particular function possibly overrates an activity which by some (unattainable) standard of judgment may not rank quite so high as he supposes. As against this, it is arguable that the intelligentsia has hitherto managed to keep its role concealed: partly from lack of awareness, partly from a justified apprehension of the consequences were it publicly admitted that much of what passes for "cultural life," "informed opinion," "enlightened attitudes," etc.—not to mention "spiritual values"—could readily be subsumed under some such unfeeling label as "intelligentsia thinking." So far from inflating its own importance, the intelligentsia, it might be said, pretends that it does not carry much weight, and on occasions even protests that it does not really exist.

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The assumption here made, however, is that the intelligentsia exists and that it matters, though perhaps not quite in the way most of its members commonly think. Moreover, we take it for granted that anyone who reflects on the part played by the social stratum to which he himself belongs cannot help believing that it is a significant one.

I

As everyone knows, or ought to know, the intelligentsia is a modern, that is to say, a post-medieval phenomenon, its distant forerunners being the humanists of the 15th and 16th centuries. If one wants to push the date further back, one may conceivably include among the precursors the wandering scholars, vagrant ex-students, and unfrocked priests and monks of the later Middle Ages; not, however, the clergy, since they formed a closed corporation, possessed all the attributes of an "estate," and derived both their revenue and their influence from sources other than those commonly at the disposal of professional intellectuals. If these distinctions were to be challenged — possibly on the grounds that the medieval clergy were simply intellectuals who in a theocratic society had a corporate monopoly of information, and consequently of power — one might redefine the terms so as to draw a sharper line of division between the medieval and the modern "intelligentsia." Such redefinition, however, would not affect the argument that the stratum currently called the intelligentsia has in fact

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arisen from those non-clerical groups who first make their appearance in the later Middle Ages (characteristically as an element subversive of the established order). By the 18th century, the churches and the intellectuals are already so clearly distinguished—at any rate in Western Europe—as to exclude the possibility of lumping them together under the same label.

The intelligentsia, then, is a product of the secularization of society. With the spread of this phenomenon from Western to Eastern Europe, and latterly to Asia and Africa, it becomes plain that the process has a certain regularity which does not depend on local conditions, though from a different aspect each historical situation is unique. Thus the Russian intelligentsia of the 19th century, and the modern intellectual proletariat of the so-called "underdeveloped" (i.e., pre-industrial) regions, react differently to socio-political stresses; and their reactions differ even more strikingly from those of their Western predecessors who grew up in a stabler environment with a slower tempo of change. But to the sociologist or the historian of culture they look alike, not least in respect of their hostile attitude to the "medieval" (i.e., religious) integration of the premodern age.

Now for a brief glance at the varying fortunes of the intelligentsia in the liberal, or bourgeois, age which lies behind us. In its political role we encounter the new stratum on the threshold, so to speak, of modernity: at the onset of the French Revolution. This is the first great upheaval in which intellectuals not merely provide general ideas, but actually hold power, or at least share it for a time with political leaders who have been indoctrinated with the new beliefs. Later the division of function between politicians and intellectuals tends to run parallel with the growing cleavage between bourgeois conservatism and intelligentsia radicalism: the intellectual vanguard becomes critical of the society it helped bring into being, and its plebeian stratum thereupon proceeds to get the socialist movement under way. Indeed, from one aspect socialism is the creation of the proletarianized intelligentsia—chiefly in France—between 1830 and 1870. The members of this group not merely formulate the general principles of the new movement, but are decisive in shaping its basic attitudes: hostility to the propertied class, to the state, to the church—in short, to everything that blocks complete fulfillment of the aims defined by the radical wing of the Enlightenment at the climax of the Great Revolution in 1793/4. Some, though not all, of the same intelligentsia values later find a new embodiment in Marxism, but in the main they are carried forward by the various "national" schools of French socialism, whose rebellious activity comes to a disastrous climax in the Paris Commune of 1871. Since these ideas and strivings are profoundly marked by romanticism—another current manifestation of the intelligentsia's hostility to bourgeois society—they tend to assume utopian and impractical shapes, and frequently come into conflict with the soberer and less violent aspirations of the real labor movement. The latter gradually emancipates itself from the influence of intelligentsia radicalism and—by a somewhat paradoxical development—adopts Marxism as a more scientific and less utopian version of the socialist faith. This is not altogether a misunderstanding, as the history of German socialism is to show, but it contains an element of misapprehension which becomes manifest in the Russian Revolution. Hence the 1917 upheaval revives both the typical utopianism of the romantic age and the key role of the intelligentsia—at any rate until the moment when the intelligentsia is once more expelled from the political stage and forced to take up the role of the "critical consciousness."

These developments, which can only be sketched out here, naturally have their counterpart on the other side of the political fence. With the decline of classical

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19th-century conservatism and liberalism (which continue to lead a spectral existence in the pages of academic journals, but no longer shape the most active minds among the intelligentsia) the inevitable polarization of thinking and feeling that accompanies every major social crisis promotes a new alignment among all groups which are in principle hostile to bourgeois society, but differ over ways of combating it, and on the question of what should take its place. Fascism, like socialism and communism, is an intelligentsia movement, and moreover just as hostile to the bourgeois integration as are its competitors, from whom it differs, however, in its romantic irrationalism and elite-worship. This actually becomes the principal factor in its eventual defeat, since irrationalism in philosophy is incompatible with a rational choice of means in politics, while the open repudiation of democracy does away with the principal check upon uncontrolled personal despotism. The fascist crisis signifies nevertheless that liberal society, at any rate in Europe, is on the point of giving up the ghost, its dominant class having lost the will and the capacity to rule. The trend continues after 1945, notwithstanding the defeat of fascism.

What currently passes for bourgeois society in the principal Western countries—even those that escaped the fascist crisis—no longer fits the old categories. The new, partly planned and socialized, industrial society is not yet post-capitalist, but it is certainly post-bourgeois, in the sense that its basic institutions are no longer held together by a class of independent property-owners, but rather controlled by a hierarchy of planners, managers, bureaucrats, and technicians, who are about to evolve a new ethos as well as new forms of political and social life. Together with the bourgeoisie, the proletariat also tends to disappear. Both are "sublated," i.e., transformed and partly preserved in a new state. Their common ground—the market economy of liberal capitalism—suffers a slow erosion and they are being "socialized" by an impersonal process which they do not altogether welcome, but which nonetheless exerts its influence over them. Since the new society is bound together by a different *modus operandi,* the class struggle in its 19th-century form comes to an end, and with it the ability of the intelligentsia to change sides and act the part of revolutionary "vanguard." In the stratified society of post-bourgeois industrialism—whether described as "socialism," "modern capitalism," "managerialism," or by some other term—the intelligentsia can no longer play the same role as in the "open society" of 19th-century capitalism. It settles down, forgets its "vanguard" ideology, becomes status-conscious, and even at last acquires something like a theoretical awareness of its own existence.

IF UNDER present-day conditions the intelligentsia tends to fade out of the political struggle, is this equivalent to saying that the intellectual content of politics is bound to evaporate? To anyone brought up in the tradition of intelligentsia politics the question must appear almost meaningless. But it would not have seemed meaningless in the early 19th century, or at the height of the Victorian epoch. A coherent ruling class makes use of intellectuals, but does not identify the content of politics with the changing opinions of a stratum that happens to specialize in general ideas. The notion of "class," however, implies a kind of stability which belongs to the 19th century rather than to our own age. It suggests a combination of traits—ownership, hereditary status, shared outlook—which still retains something of the permanence at one time assigned (in principle anyhow) to the medieval estates. A class in this sense, even though not fixed and privileged like an estate, is able to establish traditions which can be shared with newcomers and passed on to rising social strata. It is a truism that such transmission has become increasingly difficult because ideas and values nowadays lose currency

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much more rapidly than in the past. Yet at the same time, social patterns tend rather to grow more rigid and hierarchical. This appears above all in the almost universal rise of bureaucratic power, as a result of which the frontier between "state" and "society," so sharply defined in the last century, is increasingly blurred.

The consequent loss of personal freedom is at the heart of the mental and emotional corrosion which has overtaken classical liberalism. It may in the long run have an equally depressing effect on the democratic socialist movement. When one remembers that it was possible for Shaw to distribute his enthusiasm impartially between Marx, Ibsen, and Wagner, one realizes with a start how much that was intrinsically romantic and "bourgeois," i.e., individualist and libertarian, even anarchistic, was involved in the old socialist ethos. With the moderns, whose disillusionment is adequately portrayed by Silone and Orwell, socialism becomes stoical and gloomy. It renounces the hope of bringing communal existence into conformity with the human essence ("realizing the aims of philosophy," in Marx's phrase) and contents itself with a rear-guard action against what it conceives to be a hopelessly corrupt civilization.

II

DISILLUSIONMENT always occurs at the point where a movement has "seen through" its own limitations. The latter in turn become visible only after an attempt has been made to transcend them. Such transcendence is involved in the strained effort to realize the original aims of the movement, conceived under circumstances different from those which attend their actual fulfillment. Realization remains incomplete, not only because conditions have changed in the meantime, but because the program was from the start shot through with metapolitical ideas and anticipations. In the history of liberalism, the French Revolution marks the watershed between the naive utopianism of the Enlightenment and the commonplace outlook of the Western middle class around 1850. By that time the radical intellectuals were already becoming disillusioned with the achievements of liberalism, and critical of its guiding notions, but the bulk of the class from which they stemmed—and to which in effect they belonged—had not caught up with them and still regarded the ideas of 1776 and 1789 as the ultimate standards of judgment. Yet when the same ideas were first formulated, they were considerably ahead of what was then thought possible by the majority of "sensible" people—i.e., non-intellectuals—and in fact appeared utopian.

The factor of time lag, however, is not the only one in this recurrent cleavage. The intellectuals not only run ahead of the general movement: they also experience in a much higher degree the desire to see ultimate aims translated into reality, whereas the bulk of their following is content with an approximation. Once parliamentary government and free trade had been secured, the middle class was satisfied, and left it to the radical intellectuals to agitate for full democracy. Similarly, the long-range and short-range goals envisaged in socialism appear quite differently to the socialist intelligentsia and to the industrial working class: the two strata which together make up the modern labor-socialist movement. They have enough in common to cooperate in the political field, but their interests do not necessarily coincide in all respects, and the resulting tension can be dangerous to their morale. In other ways too it is apparent that the present situation differs from the characteristic problem of middle-class liberalism a century ago: there is today less fear of democracy as a potential threat to social privilege. This fear is the common theme of mid-Victorianism, and the almost hysterical form it then took has no parallel today, unless Western nervousness in the face of the emerging peoples of Asia and Africa be regarded as the

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modern counterpart of bourgeois alarm over the menace of popular rule a century ago. The corroding effect of this alarm upon the morale of the propertied class —not to mention the aristocratic governing caste which still monopolized office but had already lost control of legislation —can be studied in the writings of the Victorians who set the tone around the time of the American Civil War and the second Reform Bill of 1867. Here the contrast between Macaulay (who died in 1859) and Bagehot is instructive. Macaulay, for whom the first Reform Bill of 1832 was the formative event of his life, still displays the unbroken self-confidence of an older generation of liberals, to whom full democracy was not so much a threat as a self-evident absurdity. Indeed he disclaims the very title of liberalism, preferring to describe himself (quite accurately) as a Whig, i.e., a middle-class supporter of that oligarchy whose principles might be summed up under the three headings of Protestantism, patriotism, and parliamentary government (with a narrow franchise). "You call me a Liberal," he observes in one of his letters, "but I don't know that in these days I deserve the name. . . . I am in favor of war, hanging, and Church Establishments." Here is the authentic voice of the 18th century, specifically of the Whig tradition, whose last great representative in British politics is Winston Churchill.

There is not a trace of such naive brutality in Bagehot, who already represents a much more modern type: cynical, neurotic, and "realistic" in the manner of a privileged class with an uneasy conscience. Yet the careers of both men overlap, with the important difference that Bagehot witnessed the breakthrough of democracy in the 1860's, when Gladstone moved away from Whiggery and founded the Liberal party, to cope with the newly enfranchised industrial masses; while across the ocean democracy found an embodiment in Lincoln (whom Bagehot characteristically described as "a village lawyer"). Where Macaulay despised democracy, Bagehot had learned to fear it, and he did much to implant this fear in the cultivated upper-middle class. Bagehot, as any student of his writings perceives at first glance, is far more sophisticated than Macaulay, but he altogether lacks the older man's self-confidence and his belief in the validity of his principles. Where Macaulay is complacent, forthright, and occasionally brutal, Bagehot sounds unpleasantly timorous, cynical, and evasive, thus betraying a sense that reality may be dangerous to his values. The difference in tone between the two men is not merely stylistic: it heralds the disintegration of liberalism as a political philosophy relevant to the industrial age. Bagehot's personal neurosis, to which his recent biographers have drawn attention, foreshadows the growth of nervous instability in the cultivated upper class, a change of mood which lays that important stratum open to irrational fears and narrows the gap between it and the intelligentsia. Thus in various ways he typifies the beginning of a process which eventually culminates in the general crisis of liberal civilization.*

THE important point to note here is that in an "open society" of the 19th-century type the professional intelligentsia's ability to play a political role is linked to its relative freedom of movement as a floating stratum which can attach itself, wholly or in part, to social classes other than the one which originally gave birth to it. From the standpoint of those committed to the existing order, such shifting from class to class of course is treachery, and it explains the wariness with which the intelligentsia has been regarded ever since its dangerous instability was first perceived or suspected. The decisive change occurs with the French Revolution. Burke's denunciation of pettifogging attorneys and rattlebrained journalists,

* See H. Stuart Hughes, *Consciousness and Society* (1958), *passim*, for the continuation of this process after 1890.

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who presume to legislate for mankind, inaugurates a chorus of woe which is later taken up by liberals frightened into conservatism by the advance of radical democracy. After 1830, and in particular after 1848—when the "revolution of the intellectuals" touches off a premature proletarian insurrection in Paris—the intelligentsia splits into warring camps. Its plebeian ranks rally to democracy and even socialism, while the patrician upper layer turns conservative: albeit in the 19th-century sense of the term (i.e., without any special fondness for monarchy, aristocracy, or the church, but with a great fondness for "law and order"—meaning unconditional defense of property against the threatening onslaught of the "masses").

This anti-democratic frame of mind carries over into, and thoroughly confuses, the discussion of socialism, since in actual fact the industrial proletariat—once it appears on the scene as organized labor—is no threat to civilization but rather its chief bulwark against the irrational tendencies emanating from the crisis of the established order. Here we have a reversal of roles which reaches its culmination under fascism, where the déclassé *Lumpenbourgeoisie* and its ideologists continue to clamor for "order," and to fulminate against the "masses," in the very act of themselves destroying the foundations of civilized existence. Neo-conservatism, with its glorification of a non-existent golden age of pre-industrial harmony and contentment, is a feeble-witted and correspondingly harmless form of the same mental aberration. At the opposite end of the political spectrum, the rationalist drive toward total reorganization of society according to a predetermined plan finds a new embodiment in communism. These rival movements feed on each other, mobilize social forces rendered desperate by the collapse of the bourgeois integration, and finally exhaust each other. Their conflict terminates only with the disappearance of the common framework supporting the edifice of bourgeois civilization.

Although the state of affairs just described is commonly in the minds of people who say that we live in a post-revolutionary age, they do not always perceive that it really signifies the end of an era in which class conflicts had major political significance. Where status wrangles, or sectional disputes among interest groups, take the place of struggles over the form of society, politics loses its ideological (in every sense) flavor, and intellectuals no longer find much to interest them in the rivalry of parties operating within a common framework of ideas and institutions. As in 18th-century England, the party game becomes an affair of "ins" and "outs," from which revolutionary ideas and passions are effectively excluded. In this perspective the antagonism between liberals and socialists—defined as supporters or opponents of the market economy and individualism—gives way to a new alignment dividing centralizers and autonomists, authoritarians and libertarians, believers in over-all state control and supporters of regional decentralization, functional autonomy, corporate self-government, etc. The issue, one might say, is no longer "liberty," but "liberties," in the traditional sense of corporate privileges (e.g., for universities and other autonomous corporations). If such conditions are going to shape the specifically modern problem, the intelligentsia may come into its own again: though only in the event that it manages to acquire or forge collective instruments which are not themselves subject to bureaucratic control.

III

But what is the precise role of the intellectuals, individually and as a group, under the new circumstances? The question is difficult to answer because of the dual nature of the intellectual, as someone whose ideas are supposed to be—and occasionally are—valid for his age, and as a member of a specialized stratum which produces its own kind of ideology, i.e., "false consciousness."

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Moreover, the two functions merge in practice, so that genuine insights and ideological distortions are not simply jumbled together externally, but frequently appear as different aspects of the same body of thought. J. S. Mill's doctrine of representative government, or Marx's theory of class conflict, to take two notable examples, are so constructed that they cannot be neatly divided into empirical and philosophical, or scientific and utopian, constituents. After a sufficient lapse of time it is indeed usually possible to distinguish what is valid from what is merely speculative in a theoretical construction; but one must not overlook the fact that the "merely speculative" element, though of no interest to the practitioners of politics, may conserve insights of long-range importance for a later age. Again, it does not follow that because parts of the structure are scientifically unsound, they are "ideological" in the sense of reflecting a distorted group interest or prejudice. They may reflect nothing at all save the personal bias of the theorist; on the other hand, ideas that do conform to group attitudes may nonetheless be quite sound.

For all that, however, one must still try to distinguish intellectual creations from intelligentsia opinions, though the former commonly have their source in the latter, and conversely help in turn to shape the outlook of the entire stratum within which every kind of intellectual activity—scientific, artistic, philosophical, etc.—occurs. The term "stratum," incidentally, commits one to a certain view of society, inasmuch as it dispenses both with the romantic notion of the intellectual as a solitary individual floating in a vacuum, and with the currently fashionable vagueness which causes people of similar antecedents or occupations to be lumped together into the same "class." A stratum, as distinct from a class, has no direct relation to what Marx called "the production and reproduction of material life," though its members may form an important section of one of the major classes. The assumption here, of course, is that classes are defined in relation to "means of production." Anyone is free to choose a different nomenclature, on condition of making it plain what sort of criterion has been adopted. This clearly is easier if one has no axe to grind, but axe-grinding is not confined to conservatives and defenders of the established order; it is just as frequent among radicals.* The fact that the radical intelligentsia, which for over a century spearheaded all major revolutionary movements in the West, showed so little interest in the sociological approach to radical politics, is itself revealing. In principle it ought to be plain that one cannot analyze intellectual constructions without coming upon intelligentsia attitudes; but plain or not, the idea has never commended itself to a majority of those engaged in "social criticism."

HERE we touch upon what is commonly described as the politicization of culture. In our part of the world this is still regarded as a problem peculiar to the Soviet orbit, but—quite apart from the experience with fascism—the West cannot be said to be altogether innocent of its own politicizing of culture. It is not even certain that innocence is commendable, if it encourages helplessness in the face of unrestrained commercialism decked out as "consumer sovereignty." The scandal of the mass media is there to show what happens when society fails to establish generally accepted standards in a domain where the "satisfaction of needs" is by no means synonymous with "progress." (Not to mention the fact that needs can be artificially created or inflated.) As the repository of society's cultural traditions, the intelligentsia has a responsibility which cannot be adequately discharged by any other group, and intellectuals cannot therefore compromise their own standards without doing harm to the body politic.

If this statement is not compatible with a certain simplified notion of democracy

* See C. Wright Mills, *The Sociological Imagination,* Oxford University Press (1959), *passim.*

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as the "consumer sovereignty" of everyone capable of reading a newspaper or an advertisement, so much the worse for those who cling to such notions. For the present and the immediate future it remains true that standards will either be set by the intellectual elite or by those interested in reducing the general level to the lowest common denominator. But to say this is also to imply that the intelligentsia—if it wants to play a definite part in the new society—cannot simply content itself with affirming a faith in democracy. It must work out political concepts which harmonize the democratic idea with an understanding of its own role under conditions where the major questions are no longer left to the free play of market forces, but are increasingly determined by centralized decision-makers of one kind or another. Failing greater awareness of this, the standing temptation to back some kind of totalitarianism will not be easily avoided.

THE totalitarian temptation attacks the intelligentsia at its weakest point because totalitarianism seems to offer the hope of a new social and cultural integration. Totalitarianism is essentially an attempt to reorganize society in accordance with a preconceived plan, and is therefore particularly attractive to intellectuals, though in practice it interferes with their freedom and therefore repels them after the event—when it is too late. Fortunately, a really severe crisis is needed to get an effective totalitarian movement under way. For practical purposes this danger may be ruled out in an economically stable environment which preserves a modicum of cohesion. The crisis of the bourgeois social order in Europe after 1914 has come to an end, and there seems to be no particular reason why something similar should occur in America where the new society is already more or less established. It is very unlikely that the West will see a repetition of the upheaval which gave rise to the fascist and communist mass movements of the 30's and 40's. The degree of consolidation now achieved is much greater than after the First World War, when the decadence of European liberalism let loose forces whose very existence was undreamed of before 1914. These forces were clearly related to the collapse of the bourgeois integration and the resulting irresponsibility of the proletarianized intelligentsia. At the height of the crisis, the intelligentsia—organized in the communist and fascist movements—even turned on the bourgeoisie and tried to destroy it. That attempt was really a pathological phenomenon, for the intelligentsia was itself originally a stratum of the middle class, and its assault on bourgeois society was in the nature of parricide. Now, however, we seem to have entered a period of social stability in which the main energies of the intelligentsia are once more centered upon the cultural field.

Thus far we have been dealing with the negative side of the matter. Positively, it may perhaps be affirmed that there are opportunities inherent in the growth of organization: simply because this trend involves the conscious reshaping of social patterns which in the past grew up spontaneously and without much thought. The crux here is the importance assumed by the intellectual function under conditions where society becomes increasingly dependent both upon specialization in the various departments of social life, and upon integration at a higher level. Up to now the failure has lain at the second stage. The increasing rationalization of the most varied and extensive spheres of existence has not led to a commensurate growth of rationality at the top level where the key decisions are taken. On the contrary, rational choice of means has proved compatible with extreme irrationality in the (conscious and unconscious) selection of ends. Germany under Hitler was a particularly disastrous instance, but a similar contrast is apparent in the Soviet orbit, notwithstanding the doctrinaire rationalism of the official ideology, which serves to integrate the various sectors of public

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life and interpret them to each other. Here the element of irrationality—after being solemnly expunged from the official consciousness and driven into limbo—reasserts itself in the Manichaean division of the world into redeemed (communist) and unredeemed (non-communist) parts: a caricature of the older religious faith, but with (literally) explosive power behind it. Nor is the West altogether free from such mental aberrations, in which the unresolved conflict between scientific methods and ideological goals find bizarre and potentially dangerous expression.

Whatever ground for optimism that nonetheless exists must be sought in long-range considerations. At least it may be said that *in principle* the transition to a more highly organized form of existence implies a superior level of rationality and consequently a larger social role for the intellect. If the argument sounds question-begging—there is after all no guarantee that the transition is actually going to be made: we may blow ourselves up instead—it can still be said that the past half century gives no encouragement to the advocates of irrational behavior. Romanticism in politics has faded out, *et pour cause!* It may also be suspected that the fascist rebellion was in the nature of a rearguard action, as it was certainly in conflict with the relentless march of global forces hostile to worshippers of the "will to power" and "thinking with the blood." If the liberal integration collapsed at one decisive moment, the rational principle in the end asserted its supremacy.

There is further ground for cautious optimism in the reflection that the choice has currently been narrowed down to a simple question of survival, and that this dramatic confrontation occurred *after,* and not before, the extreme proponents of destructive, death-worshipping romanticism had been eliminated. Lastly, the social revolution which—as on previous occasions—accompanied and speeded a decisive step forward in the control of nature, may already be over, at least so far as the West is concerned. There are still a number of countries where social change will come via class conflict, but in the West class conflict is fading out. What takes its place is the evolution of a new directing stratum and the struggle to determine its orientation. That is why all contemporary politics not concerned with the problem of the growth of organization and central planning are so trivial and boring. The mechanism continues to revolve, but the spirit has departed. This is as true of democratic electioneering in the West as of totalitarian phrasemongering in the East. The dearth of outstanding personalities is illustrative of the stalemate. The great figures of the revolutionary age now about to end—Churchill, de Gaulle, Stalin, Roosevelt—are already beginning to look somewhat archaic. What succeeds them is the confusion and mediocrity inseparable from the reaction to a prolonged and exhausting crisis. Nor are we better off for theorists of the first magnitude. It will take time for a new integration to establish itself. Meanwhile one may note such signs of change as are already beginning to declare themselves.

IV

Are there such signs? It is at any rate possible to think that we are in for a new era of rationalism. For reasons which should now have become a little clearer, a new rationalist ethos, if it should prevail, is likely to run parallel with a considerable growth in the socio-political weight of the intellectual stratum. Alternatively, if one prefers the simplified version of historical materialism popular in some quarters, one may invert this statement and say that the growing importance of the technical and scientific intelligentsia is going to reduce the area of mischief still open to political movements of a more primitive type. Either way we get a perspective that is slightly more comforting than the currently fashionable existentialist prophecy of doom. Given the assumption that the world can turn the

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nuclear corner without total disaster, there seems to be some ground for supposing that rational integration will at last penetrate to the areas of decisive choice. Without being a hopeless visionary one can even now foresee circumstances in which—to take merely one example—the inhabitants of some particular human plague-spot will publicly express a preference for being governed by the United Nations Secretariat rather than by homegrown fanatics, be they military dictators, political rabble-rousers, or just plain bunglers. If that happened, it would constitute what might be called rationalization in politics, and everyone who has the good of the world at heart ought to hope that the first such instance will occur in the coming decade. Politics of course is not everything, but an outbreak of common sense in this sphere would be an important step forward.

More generally, we may perhaps surmise that the trend toward greater organizational complexity, and its corollary central planning, cannot fail to enhance the significance (and the responsibility) of the stratum which does the thinking for the rest of society. If one is right in believing that social evolution will henceforth proceed, if at all, by means of rational organization, then it cannot be a matter of indifference that the chief vehicle of the process should in recent decades have become more clearly identifiable. When one has said the worst that can be said about the intelligentsia, it remains a fact that this stratum carries within itself the main potentiality of evolution still open to mankind. Or if that sounds too portentous, one can rephrase it by saying that we have here at least an identifiable organ of societal development whose spontaneous tendencies are in tune with the requirements of the next historical phase. The latter formulation would seem to do justice to an observable trend, while skirting the danger of "historicism," i.e., policy-making in the guise of prophecy. It is not a question of trying to divine the predetermined course of history, but rather of indicating where the future still appears to lie open. For of course there is no guarantee—at least from our limited standpoint—that the experiment will come off; in other words: that the transition to a wholly rational, scientifically controlled, planetary order will be made without disaster or relapse into totalitarian fantasy. One can only suggest that progress, if it occurs at all, is going to depend on the survival and further perfection of the stratum which incorporates the main evolutionary tendency. That this is not the proletariat may distress some surviving romanticists, but need not upset any followers of Marx who have taken his method rather than his system to heart. The issue transcends such 19th-century quarrels (on both sides: for liberals will have to get out of the habit of playing Mill off against Marx). It is an aspect of a situation in which, as was remarked before, the rival classes are being "sublated," and there is consequently nothing further to be hoped (or feared) from the class struggle.

The tentative conclusion which emerges, then, is that social evolution is increasingly going to depend on mind, and consequently on the quantitative and qualitative growth of the stratum which embodies the capacity of the intellect to introduce order into the environment. The "open conspiracy" to effect the same purpose—proclaimed by a few writers half a century ago—may be regarded as an imaginative foreshadowing of a situation which has actually come to pass in our days, with the exhaustion of traditional passions and the disappearance of the class structure inherited from the 19th century. It is this structural transformation which has made it possible to envisage coming social changes in terms of conflicts within the new directing stratum which is about to evolve out of the nonspecialized (or omnispecialized) part of the old 19th-century intelligentsia. Where liberalism and socialism are now seen to have erred was in supposing that the whole development was

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bound to remain a party matter. Actually it is the result of the end of the class struggle as the principal vehicle of social change, and the emergence of a type of society in which the major transformations increasingly result from conscious decision-making. By comparison with the liberal century—which may be said to have opened in 1830 and run its course by 1930—the new situation represents, among other things, a shift in the balance between state and society such as to make the state the dominant partner. In its opening phase this was one of the preconditions of totalitarianism, and of revolutionary intelligentsia politics in general. The long-run tendency toward greater complexity of organization, central planning, and conscious control, need not, however, be identified with the political turmoil of the transition period which, for the West, has come to an end. The tendency persists in its own right and thereby makes possible the conversion of the intelligentsia into the directing stratum of industrial society.

Social evolution, in the measure that it takes place, is likely to be directed from now on by the "brain" of the body politic, as distinct from the hit-or-miss mechanism of class conflict characteristic of the preceding age. Societies which remain permanently below this level of advance are not due to disappear: they simply cease to participate in the general movement. The same applies to political sects, or schools of thought, which continue to repeat slogans appropriate to an earlier phase. If the foregoing all sounds decidedly unromantic, there may be some consolation in the thought that it represents merely the abstract outline of a process which is certain to generate its own heat as it goes along. The new society, like the old, will have its problems, and the discovery that some of them are insoluble can be relied upon to keep the presses fed with blueprints for utopia.

But what is the justification for supposing that society will develop both a degree of rationality and an institutional mechanism adequate for the task of planetary organization? The question had better be rephrased: what are the criteria for judging that some such development is actually under way? For there is of course no guarantee that the requisite level will be reached without disaster. What is required is a kind of social mutation, if that expression may be permitted. Reference has already been made to evolution being carried forward by a stratum which represents, as it were, the "brain" of the social organism. How far can one push these analogies without lapsing into absurdity? The answer, it would seem, depends on whether it is possible to identify an actual phenomenon of growth in the directing stratum of society which can be described in terms appropriate to natural and social science alike. Is there such a phenomenon? We know at any rate that in nature no organism of great complexity can function without a central mechanism capable of processing a great deal of information: in other words, a brain. We also know that increasing complexity of organization has historically been linked to greater mental convergence, meaning thereby a tendency for central mechanisms —biological, social, cultural—to take shape, and ultimately to take command of the situation.* On this rather trite, but perhaps not altogether useless, analogy it can at least be suggested that there may be a link between the drive for global organization and the growing importance of the social stratum which incorporates the rational principle. The connection is not perhaps immediately obvious, but "the banal fact of the earth's roundness"† is clearly responsible for a great deal of our present trouble, just as in the past it may have been behind the particular form taken by evolution over much lengthier spans of time. In any case it would seem evident

* Compare Julian Huxley's preface to *The Phenomenon of Man,* by Teilhard de Chardin (1959).

† Huxley, *ibid.,* p. 17.

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that the nuclear threat could not have occurred in an "unlimited environment" leaving ample room for migration to "safe" portions of the globe. The same might be said of the growing pressure upon the more highly civilized nations arising from the "population explosion" in backward countries. The resulting web of circumstances is really not amenable to political guidance of the old-fashioned hit-or-miss kind typified by the familiar cycle of war-revolution-disintegration, with the replacement of one historic class by another serving as a mechanism of adaptation. That is not to say that the old familiar process no longer operates—it does, but plainly at the risk of blowing us all into the stratosphere. Also there is the simple fact that social evolution by way of historic conflict between one class and another—or one social order and another, or one group of nations and another—is not merely an extremely clumsy and dangerous mode of adaptation, but much too slow and haphazard to keep step with the fantastic rate of technological change. If it goes on in future at all, it will have to do so at a level just below the really important one. What the important one is has already been indicated.

To pursue our analogy: the increasing centralization of public life—which is really what one means in saying that the individualist era is closed—is at the same time a process whereby decision-making is located in a directing stratum, or "brain." Historically, the social group which embodies the tendency toward centralization stems from the intelligentsia of bourgeois society, although it is not identical with it. The growth of this stratum in all its aspects—from the managerial and technocratic to the genuinely intellectual—is the specific mode of evolution open to a society which has become fully industrialized, i.e., fully subject to the rule of technical-scientific rationality. Increasing complexity and growing rationality are two sides of the same coin. The stratum within which the dual advance manifests itself—not passively, but as a *willed,* consciously intended, process—is *ipso facto* the only one capable of getting the whole movement under control. By the same token it incorporates the rational principle itself (and probably mankind's only chance of survival). The growth of the intelligentsia—now that it has finally emerged from the chrysalis of the bourgeois epoch, with its antagonistic classes and its increasingly irrational political upheavals—is the precondition of orderly progress, though not in itself a sufficient guarantee that further evolution will in fact take place. That "progress" in this sense does signify "evolution" appears from the simple consideration that what we are witnessing is an instance of that mental "convergence" toward a directing center which has been operative as far back as natural and social history can be traced. However speculative such ideas may sound, it will at any rate be conceded that the sudden appearance at the same time of a new type of society, a new pattern of global organization, and an unexampled threat to life itself, cannot be *merely* due to a set of coincidences. Unless all these tendencies operate so as to bring about a social mutation of the type here sketched out, it is going to be very difficult to make sense of the simultaneous convergence of so many novel and unprecedented factors. At the risk of sounding both unduly speculative and irritatingly dogmatic, one may therefore conclude that what the entire crisis has been building up to is a change which is going to locate the mechanism of further evolutionary advance in the stratum which represents the "brain" of the social organism. That this stratum has, in part at least, grown out of the old intelligentsia which fought and lost so many battles to make society more rational, may perhaps serve as some consolation to the less dispirited among its survivors.

Is this all? Probably not, but it will not do to push the analogy too far. One may note, however, that the evolutionary pat-

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tern is repeated in the tendency for new directing organs to take shape in response to pressures which evoke an intellectual effort that is at the same time an attempt to control the environment. As we have tried to suggest, these pressures arise at the circumference of the field and press back upon the center, thereby calling attention to the need for control over forces that threaten to get out of hand. It is a pattern that appears to have a lengthy evolutionary record behind it. Whether one says that mind is generated in the process, or that the brain responds by synthesizing the information brought to its attention, makes little difference. The relevant point is that it has now become a life-and-death matter for society to respond to the emergence of new material forces in such a manner as not to let a wholesale catastrophe occur. This situation is new; it has evidently been brought about—as everyone says—by the fantastic discrepancy between the rate of scientific-technological advance and the failure of social evolution to keep step. But there is considerable reluctance to admit that the eventual response is likely to involve some qualitative change in our mental habits. The bare idea of dispensing with "politics" in the traditional sense strikes people as bizarre, though in practice the integration of scientific and political decision-making is already far advanced (mostly with the aim of blowing the planet to bits). It will take some further time for the notion to sink in that control of nature involves a far-reaching social reorganization, and that in future this kind of decision can no longer be left to the accidents of political upheavals or the "successful" outcome of wars.

OF COURSE none of the foregoing is altogether new: H. G. Wells had a premonition of it many years ago. The strange thing is that we are now actually on the threshold of its happening, while the politicians go on drooling about stone-age issues, and most intellectuals are sunk in despair because the particular sect they fancy has not converted a majority of the electorate. If the remarks set forth here have indicated an alternative approach to the problem of what is going on around us, they will at any rate not have been entirely useless. The great trouble is that we find it extremely difficult, with our limited perspective, to visualize the kind of "convergent integration" that will be needed to get the whole planetary movement under control. All that the biological parallel really tells us is that there has to be a rational focus *somewhere*. For clearly, rationalization, to be effective, must have a center. Or to put it differently, consciousness must come to "a point at which all the impressions and experiences knit themselves together and fuse into a unity that is conscious of its own organization."* This, however, is not simply a postulate; it is inherent in the process, reflection being "the power acquired by a consciousness to turn in upon itself, to take possession of itself. . . ."† If the case were otherwise, psycho-social evolution would never have got to the present point. Whether it goes on would seem to depend on the outcome of the current race between potentially destructive and rationalizing tendencies, the latter coming to a focus in the various modern attempts—of which Communism is certainly one—to formulate something like a planetary consciousness. All this can perhaps be made palatable to empiricists by saying that after all the whole drive is merely the counterpart of the actual unification of the globe which is going on under our eyes. The Russians, with their lunar expeditions, should be the last to protest at such an explanation, which incidentally pays due tribute to their recent scientific achievements. And the rest of us? In any event, we may suppose that the last word has not yet been spoken.

* Chardin, *op. cit.*, p. 165.
† *Ibid.*

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ERNEST JOUHY

German Youth & German History

THE new wave of anti-Semitism, which began in Cologne and spread over many German cities, has evoked a profound concern with the German future, and with the youth upon whom that future so largely depends. While Western governments reacted with immediate embarrassment to the incidents, the peoples of the Western world were more deeply disturbed: the incidents had brought to the forefront of their consciousness thoughts which considerations of political expediency had tended to repress. Intuitively, everyone, including the Germans themselves, understood that no social group changes its fundamental attitudes overnight, and that a "re-education" campaign such as that devised for Germany after the war could not radically transform the socio-psychological tendencies of the whole nation. People could not forget that despite Germany's economic "miracle," its parliamentary government, and membership in NATO, the postwar decartelization was carried out by the cartels' technicians, democratization by the bureaucracy that had served Hitler, and re-education by teachers who had previously taught (and who had, at least in part, believed) that the German race was predestined to rule the world, that race was superior to reason, and that authority must be obeyed even where conscience suggests otherwise.

The effect of these memories, renewed by the recent anti-Semitic manifestations, must doubtless be especially disturbing in the United States; Germany, America's only enemy in both world wars, now presents the most "Americanized" appearance of all the European states. The fact that the swastikas were smeared on walls by *young* Germans can only serve to intensify anxiety. The juvenile delinquents everywhere—the English "teddy boys," the French *blousons noirs,* the "hooligans" of the USSR, the German *Halbstarke*—horrify and mystify the adult generation. But it is the situation of postwar Germany and its youth that now demands our most serious analysis and reflection. For we are all implicated—victors, vanquished, and victims.

The year 1945 has been called Germany's "Year Zero." This is a half-truth. To be sure, Nazism ultimately destroyed Germany as a national state and ruined its economy. The intellectual past, which Hitler had annexed, became suspect. Some felt that it was directly responsible for the catastrophe. The very racism with which the German people had been imbued led it to imagine, after the defeat, that it bore violence and barbarism in its blood, that its soul was at the root evil, and that its existence constituted a permanent menace to the nations. The "Year Zero" meant: all of Germany's large cities

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80 per cent destroyed, seven million military and civilian casualties, four million German refugees expelled from Poland and Czechoslovakia, an entire industrial structure wrecked or dismantled for reparations. The "Year Zero" meant unemployment, hunger, the absence of all social security and protection, the schools in ruins, the teachers gone or suspected of Nazism, a black market whose currency was the cigarettes of the occupation troops, the prostitution of minors for a candy bar. It meant, too, the sinister comedy of "denazification," where everyone played the false innocent before the Allied judges and their German subordinates, who themselves were either guilty or blinded by resentment. The "Year Zero," therefore, signified the total void into which sixty-five million Germans sank with the thought that they were reaping the consequence of their collective guilt. On the whole, this was the attitude then adopted by German youth, which indeed dates its very existence from 1945. In the long-range historical view, however, the disruption was far less radical within the German of 1945 than it was, for example, in the United States of 1776, the France of 1789, or the Russia of 1917. However dramatic Germany's political changes may have appeared in 1945, the "Year Zero" did not in fact mark a radical break, a turning point, in the history of the German people—the simple reason being that they suffered its changes *passively*. The German people submitted as to a catastrophe of nature, finding nothing around them except reasons for abandoning their own history.

If 1945 was indeed to be a "Year Zero" —or a "Year One"—there would have been some large portion of the German people ready to reconstruct society on a fresh foundation, a class or group ready to run the risks of power and to provide new leadership. No such social force appeared. And even if one had appeared (it is true that small groups of resisters, of Protestant and Catholic intellectuals, Marxists and liberals, were coming together), conditions of the occupation and the attitude of the Allies would have frustrated its development by pressing it to administer the opposing programs of Washington and Moscow.

The only controlling ideas that yoked together the disparate, wretched lives of the Germans in the years 1945–50 were those imposed by the Allies. Every German was obsessed by two cares: how to prolong his physical existence, and how to rid himself as quickly as possible of political restraint. Ideology figured little. If Berlin welcomed the Allies while meeting the Russians with resistance, this was not owing to any significant conscious adherence of the German masses to the ideal of living democracy; it was largely because the Western powers offered hope of a quicker material recovery and because the idea of Western democracy generally limits the intrusion of the state into private affairs. Poverty and politics were what everyone wanted to escape.

THE old ruling class and the masses were both reassured by the fact that the new Federal Republic, which was formed from the American, English, and French occupation zones, turned out to be nothing more than an expedient administrative mechanism; it was neither the heir of any historical tradition nor the blueprint for a new society. Democracy was taken in West Germany to mean a state whose power was so hamstrung that it could not affect private life. The programs and the practice of the ruling and opposition parties were characterized by the absence of any idea that might link them to the German past and its national aspirations. All this reflected the desire to be left in peace at all costs.

The overwhelming majority of Germans simply ignored the most fundamental ideas of democracy—that the life of the community and the state depends on the conscious and considered support of each citizen, that government and laws emanate from the will of a clearly defined majority, and that the opposition must be composed

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of a no less conscious and determined minority. This indifference continues to be manifested today in the absence of any reaction to the almost arbitrary power Chancellor Adenauer has concentrated in himself. And it is particularly common among the younger generation. Returning from the war and from POW camps in 1945, the young Germans got no assistance from the state—for the state did not yet exist—and they therefore feel no gratitude to the state for their private recovery, which they attribute to their own efforts, and to the efforts of their families. This is clearly reflected in a poll taken in 1955 by the EMNID Institute, which (supported by the Ford Foundation) is Germany's equivalent of the Gallup poll. Youths between fifteen and twenty-four were asked the question: "If in a conversation, or public discussion, our regime (the form of our state) were attacked, would you defend it?" Seventy-eight per cent of the respondents answered more or less positively, 21 per cent negatively, and 6 per cent were undecided. However, the democratic value of the positive response may be gauged from the response of the same group to another question: "Do you think the following statement is right or wrong: 'Young people ought to obey regulations and not criticize them.'" Here, 51 per cent agreed with the authoritarian statement, 47 per cent disagreed, and two per cent had no opinion.

Thus the West German regime itself is accepted by 78 per cent of the youth, but more than half of them think that authority ought to prevail over criticism. Clearly, the majority of Germans would accept an authoritarian government if it seemed likely to preserve them from a totalitarian one. And they might even prefer an authoritarian government to a genuinely democratic one, for its political technicians would relieve them of active participation in public affairs, and above all, of responsibility. The older generation shuns the responsibilities of democracy because, having got burned in the Hitler holocaust, it fears the risk of again backing the wrong horse. The younger generation sees no great advantage in assuming responsibility, because it understands the state as a mechanism for dispensing material benefits, security, and order, rather than as an organism deriving from their wills and sustained by their vigilant participation.

The accountability of the Allies—and the United States in particular—for this situation is considerable. In 1945, the Allies took full charge of Germany's political future. At that time, the great majority of Germans, young and old alike, had turned away from Nazism with horror. A German anti-Nazi minority conscious of the national necessities could have, and should have, assumed responsibility for social and political purification. But once the Allies had shouldered this burden themselves, the mass of Germans became passive, and indifferent to the experience and lessons of Nazism. It was no longer any business of theirs. Any wish that Germans might have had to emerge politically from the catastrophe, to renew contact with the great democratic traditions of the German and European past, was stifled. The Russians on one side, the Western Allies on the other, took up the task of "denazification" with that rationalistic naivety which supposes that a people will accept any truth so long as it is logically expounded, no matter who the teacher is. We are now facing the consequences of the Allied lack of confidence in the ability of the German people to draw their own right conclusions from the experience of tyranny, nationalist and racist madness, and the will to power.

All the energy and individual initiative of the German people were swallowed up instead in the single activity of economic reconstruction, and with the aid of the Marshall Plan, they set about producing their "economic miracle." In a period of fifteen years, five million apartments were rebuilt (as against the total of ten million that existed in 1939), and a merchant

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fleet of four and a half million gross tonnage was constructed by shipyards which also found time to fill foreign orders. The same story can be read in heavy industry, in electrical appliances, textiles, furniture, and every other kind of industry. Per capita national income has almost tripled since 1948. In the course of this dizzying race for material comfort, the Germans repressed their Nazi past and placed themselves in the hands of their leaders.

Germany's moral rehabilitation seemed complete when the Allies (headed by the United States) asked her to rearm against the USSR. The Allies then rehired the German generals, officers, and politicians who had been attached to the anti-Soviet services of the Wehrmacht and of the Nazi state. (Who could know better than these people all the intricacies of the anti-Communist struggle?) And the steady influx of German refugees from the Soviet zone—poor, embittered, and deeply opposed to the East German totalitarian regime—reinforced the religious horror all Germans now felt for Communism and for Russia, which came to replace France as the "hereditary foe." The expulsion of three million Germans from Eastern Europe, moreover, helped to reawaken the hatred so carefully nurtured by the Nazis against Czechoslovakia, Poland, and Soviet Russia. These countries were once again the contemptible enemy. Resurgent nationalism and primitive anti-Communism, then, combined to blur the criminal Nazi past, and to lend it, after the event, a certain measure of justification.

The opposition within Germany to these developments suffered from a twofold weakness. In the first place, even the slightest criticism of the Adenauer policies was suspect of pro-Sovietism. To oppose rearmament or to call for the purging of Nazi elements within the administration was to lay oneself open to the charge of undermining the strength and security of the Federal Republic. This fate was suffered by liberal intellectuals, by Social Democrats, and even by prominent leaders of Germany's resurgent Protestantism.

Secondly, every effort to re-think German history and to envisage the national future had to face the cold fact of Germany's division into two hostile countries, one adhering unconditionally to the U.S. and the other to the USSR. Obviously, German unification could be brought about in only two ways. Either West Germany could reconquer the Eastern territories with the aid of the Western allies; or else a compromise, implying some sort of social and political synthesis, could be worked out that would permit the unification of Germany within a Europe freed of both Russian and American tutelage. Now, even if no one advocates the first course, the fact of rearmament and the resistance by Adenauer's government to any relaxation in East-West tension have made the second course seem completely chimerical, if not tainted with pro-Communism. The German opposition, therefore, dares not consider a policy which would oppose Nazism and resurgent militarism in the name of a conception of Germany's historical mission which is derived both from geography and history: the policy that the two Germanies ought to constitute a peaceful bridge between the two worlds, rather than be their most perilous frontier. Moreover, the totalitarian methods of the East German Stalinists are grist to the mill of remilitarization and of an anti-Communism hardly more enlightened than Hitler's. The mere idea, therefore, of making a social, political, and moral experiment in order to reunify Germany on a basis of relaxed international tension, frightens not only the rulers of both Germanies, but the West German people too, who would then have to assume genuine political responsibilities.

The average West German today is satisfied with things as they are. He has no wish to evoke either the criminal past or the perilous future, and resents those who do. All individual efforts are concentrated on professional work, on economic activ-

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ity; the management of industry and of the state is, therefore, abandoned to those well-tried technicians who, having served both Hitler and the Allied military administration without the least scruple, are now blooming under Adenauer and quite incapable of understanding why they are suspect in other lands. But this state of affairs leaves the individual, and the nation, unconsciously dissatisfied and uneasy.

GROWING up in such an atmosphere, the young Germans of today have experienced a world in which there is only one stable element, one sphere in which mutual aid, candor, and disinterested love can be expected: the family. A variety of pressures forced the German family to tighten its loosened bonds: the absence of able-bodied men sent to the front; the loss of homes as a result of bombardments and expulsions; famine; the necessity of mothers undertaking factory work and abandoning their children for part of the day. When no official service was able to turn up a lodging, some forgotten old aunt off in the provinces shared her one-room flat with the whole refugee family. And when all the false gods of Nazi propaganda came tumbling down, when it was learned that neighbor had informed on neighbor, that the *Ortsgruppenleiter* had amassed a fortune administering the poverty of others, that millions of soldiers owed their deaths to the pride and imbecility of the leaders —then only mother, grandmother, uncle, cousin, revealed the lineaments of the human. They became the moral and material refuge of the starved and bewildered child or youth of the postwar years.

It may be striking, but it is hardly surprising that this younger generation accepts no authority other than that of the family, and that it does not attempt to break free of the family as adolescents in other lands and at other times normally do. So far as the young Germans are concerned, only their relatives have retained any moral credit. This credit extends to the family's view of whatever the Allies and the German administration pour into the hopper of public opinion—which is why re-education of these youths in the postwar decade necessarily depended on re-educating the family circle. Students believed what their teachers had to say about Nazism only insofar as their families confirmed the lessons.* All too many youths were quite unreceptive to the disclosures of the crimes committed by the Third Reich. Teachers, newspapers, the state, had always lied—why should they be listened to now? said the older members of the family. And the young man could not, of course, believe that *his* relatives had any responsibility for what the documents revealed. The war crimes trials were ignored by the mass of Germans.

There is more to be said. It is difficult for a generation to grow up without receiving any view of life from its elders that it might accept or against which it might define itself. This situation is not peculiar to Germany, for there is a similar moral, social, and political crisis in all the heavily industrialized nations, including the USSR and its satellites. (In underdeveloped countries, fighting for independence or improving material conditions absorbs the energies of young people.) But the crisis is particularly dangerous in the case of Germany. For, in contrast to England and Scandinavia, for example, the historical conditions are missing in Germany that might permit social and technological changes to generate gradually some new view of life, some viable ethic—in other words, a civilization capable of helping youth to find its bearings.

A young German today neither knows what the idea "Germany" means nor what its boundaries are. He still does not know to what degree the war conducted by his parents was a guilty war. Certainly he is convinced, along with the great ma-

* To be sure, the picture is different for today's teen-agers, who are acquiring some faith in their teachers and in the instruments of mass communication. We are analyzing here, however, the generation that was between ten and fifteen years old in 1945 and is now coming to manhood.

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jority of Germans, that the extermination of the Jews was a crime, but he is unsure of the dimensions of the crime. ("The number of victims is greatly exaggerated." "A few isolated sadistic beasts were responsible for the brutal treatment.") And hundreds of thousands of young Germans believe that, crime or no crime, the elimination of Jews from the German community was wholesome. The young German knows that Hitler conducted a war of aggression, but "wherever he went, the German soldier conducted himself chivalrously." If the young German has ever heard of Lidice and Oradour, they are "the work of a few SS fanatics." ("Rommel behaved like a knight in North Africa, and so did his soldiers.") He is told that German militarism has had calamitous results and, simultaneously, that he should enlist in the Bundeswehr. He hears the anti-Hitler conspirators of July 20, 1944, praised, but he also notes that the resistance groups are frequently suspected of "Communist sympathies." And his teachers gravely inform him that, if there is a limit to obedience, it is a matter for the individual conscience of the soldier to decide. There is, in other words, no distinct idea—not even a false one—by which he can orient himself to the demands made upon him by the fact that he is a young German. Small wonder that a leading German sociologist, Helmut Schelsky, calls his book on German youth, "The Skeptical Generation."

However, the skepticism of this generation is not a rationalist or philosophical position; it is merely the reflection of mental insecurity. And this promises both good and ill for the future.

On the positive side, the young generation resists vague slogans and ideology, and it does unreservedly wish to collaborate with the peoples of the West, without any ulterior nationalist motives. It is receptive to bold ideas for supra-national entities, and by means of the film, television, travel, and exchanges, it is coming to know neighboring peoples better than any previous generation did. It demands, and obtains, recognition of its desires in education and social security. It does not dream of restoring a glorious past, as did a large and influential portion of the youth of the 20's; nor does it seek salvation in utopias. It abhors war, revolution, and everything that might jeopardize its individual comfort.

On the other hand, German youth is, on the whole, unaware of the immensity of the problems it will have to face. It realizes only very vaguely that the dividing line between the two atomically-armed camps passes through its own country, and that any thoughtless actions it may perform could have catastrophic consequences. It has no experience of democracy, nor any great desire to acquire any. It is growing accustomed, as the bourgeoisie did under Bismarck, to trusting the head of the government and abandoning the management of public affairs to those whom it believes technically fitted to conduct them. The problems of justice and injustice, of happiness and unhappiness, do not touch it deeply except as they affect individual lives (a tendency shared by Western youth generally). Extremely concerned with its own material well-being, it lacks any ideal for which it can contemplate the slightest sacrifice—and thus it might be ready to back a new demagogue in a social crisis. Its ability to judge demagogy is, furthermore, very weak, and its sense of its own responsibilities poorly developed.

WHEN the anti-Semitic outbreak of December 1959 is viewed in this context, certain lessons may be drawn. To begin with, the motives of the youths involved were only vaguely political. Certainly, the Cologne wall-daubers and the Berlin students belonged to extreme right-wing organizations. But the majority seem to have acted out of a need to shock. Their motives, therefore, were similar to those that drive a minority of dissatisfied youths in all the countries of the West to shocking or criminal acts. But it is noteworthy that

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the German youths took up the swastika when they wanted to make a stir.

They know that this symbol is officially opprobrious, and that it is good form to pity the Jews and to assure them of the compassion of the German people. The anonymous enemy at whom these youths were aiming was not the Jews—it was the world in which they themselves live. But nothing could have served so well to attract public attention and instill fear as the swastika. This interpretation is confirmed by the fact that Catholic and Protestant churches were likewise desecrated.

It is probable that some of the anti-Semitic youths were acting on orders from an organization of former Nazis, whose center might as likely be found in Cairo or Latin America as in Germany itself. Nor can there be any doubt that the idea of employing the symbols of Nazism occurred to these youths largely because of their trust in their relatives (hundreds of thousands of whom must retain a nostalgia for Nazism), and because of their own distrust of the ineffectual efforts made by the schools and the government to disseminate the truth about the Hitler past. But in contrast to what took place before 1933, this anti-Semitic campaign neither had definite goals nor derived from a coalescence of poverty, unemployment, wounded national pride, and social despair. It did not express powerful hatred for a visible and concrete Jewish scapegoat. It was anti-Semitism without a Jewish object, and it sprang from a profound malaise which affects a great many more Germans than the small number of street bums who actually took part in the campaign. This malaise may be defined as the widespread feeling of inferiority at being German.

"You Germans murdered the Jews, you unleashed a war, you acted inhumanly in it. You Germans. . . ." This is what the young people hear, finding themselves charged with a guilt that no one explains. Graver still, no one tells them how this guilt can be expiated—how, as Germans, they can rehabilitate themselves. And yet the need for such rehabilitation is to be observed in all one's conversations with Germans. *The Diary of Anne Frank* has become a pocketbook best-seller and has drawn two million Germans to the theater. Hundreds of thousands of youths have taken part both in pilgrimages to monuments commemorating the Jews and in voluntary reconstruction work in all the countries of Europe. But the feelings of inferiority and bewilderment remain.

YOUNG Germans know enough of the past to feel burdened by it, but not enough to handle the burden properly. Their experience has been sufficient to turn them against nationalism, but not to permit them to feel themselves members of a nation. They are grateful to the Allies for having destroyed Hitler, but secretly young Germans feel guilty toward the Jews, and therefore bear them ill will. The more they are told of their guilt, the greater their resentment grows against those whom they consciously believe to be right. There are few feelings so dangerous as that of a well-established inferiority which cannot be removed by some appropriate course of action.

Moreover, nothing seems to me so psychologically inept—if factually justified—as the continued giving of advice to the Germans on how to conduct themselves, for example, toward the Jews. Certainly the Germans must be made to know the feelings inspired throughout the world by the slightest trace of anti-Semitism in Germany. Yet it is the Germans themselves who must be encouraged to take the initiative in wiping out whatever anti-Semitism remains in their midst. They must understand that they are fighting against racism in order to safeguard their own liberty—not just to placate foreign critics. And having suffered most from Germany's madness, the Jews, it seems to me, ought to be in the front ranks of those who speak out for the trust that must be placed in the forces of reason, still groping to find themselves, in the new Germany.

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PAUL GOODMAN

In Search of Community

THE use of history, Benjamin Nelson has said, is to rescue from oblivion the lost causes of the past. History is especially important when those causes haunt us in the present as unfinished business.

I have spoken before of the "missed revolutions" that we have inherited. My idea is that it is not with impunity that fundamental social changes fail to take place at the appropriate time; the following generations are embarrassed and confused by their lack. This subject would warrant a special study. Some revolutions fail to occur; most half-occur or are compromised, attaining some of their objectives, effecting significant social changes; but giving up on others, producing ambiguous values in the social whole that would not exist if the change had been more thoroughgoing. For in general, a profound revolutionary program projects a new workable kind of behavior, a new actuality of the nature of man, a new whole society; just as the traditional society it tries to replace is a whole society that the revolutionists think is out of date. But a compromised revolution tends to disrupt the tradition without achieving a new social balance.

It is the argument of these essays that *the accumulation of the missed and compromised revolutions of modern times, with their consequent ambiguities and social imbalances, has fallen, and must fall, most heavily on the young, making it hard to grow up.*

A man who has attained maturity and independence can pick and choose among the immense modern advances and somewhat wield them as his way of life. If he has a poor society, an adult cannot be very happy, he will not have simple goals nor achieve classical products, but he can fight and work anyway. But for children and adolescents it is indispensable to have a coherent, fairly simple, and viable society to grow up into; otherwise they are confused, and some are squeezed out. Tradition has been broken, yet there is no new standard to affirm. Culture becomes eclectic, sensational, or phony. (Our present culture is all three.) A successful revolution establishes a new community. A missed revolution makes irrelevant the community that persists. And a compromised revolution tends to shatter the community that was, without an adequate substitute. But as we have argued earlier, it is precisely for the young that the geographical and historical community and its patriotism are the important environment, as they draw away from their parents and until they can act on their own with fully developed powers.

Now, let us collect the missed or compromised fundamental social changes that we have had occasion to mention; calling attention to what was achieved and what failed to be achieved, and the consequent

PAUL GOODMAN'S series on American youth is completed by this third and last essay; the previous two were printed in the February and March issues. All, somewhat expanded, will appear as chapters of his new book, *Growing Up Absurd,* to be published in the summer by Random House.

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confused situation which then actually confronts the youth growing up.

(1)

LET us start with the physical environment.

Technocracy. In our own century, philosophers of the new technology, like Veblen, or Fuller, succeeded in making efficiency and know-how the chief ethical values of the folk, creating a mystique of "production," and a kind of streamlined aesthetics. But they did not succeed in wresting management from the businessmen and creating their own world of a neat and transparent physical plant and a practical economics of production and distribution. The actual results have been slums of engineering, confused and useless overproduction, gadgetry, and new tribes of middlemen, promoters, and advertisers.

Urbanism. As Le Corbusier or Gropius urged, we have increasingly the plan and style of functional architecture; biological standards of housing; scientific study of traffic and city services; some zoning; and the construction of large-scale projects. But nowhere is realized the ideal of over-all community planning, the open green city, or the organic relation of work, living, and play. The actual results have been increasing commutation and traffic, segregated ghettos, a "functional" style little different from packaging, and the tendency of some basic urban functions, like recreation or schooling, to be squeezed out altogether.

Garden City. Their opposite numbers, the Garden City planners after Ebenezer Howard, have achieved some planned communities protected by green belts. But they did not get their integrated towns, planned for industry, local commerce, and living. The result is that actual suburbs and garden cities are dormitories with a culture centering around small children, with absence of the wage earner. "Planning" like the so-called shopping centers disrupts such village-communities as there were. The effort to conserve the wilds succumbs to the cars and all areas are regulated.

(2)

LET us proceed to economic and social changes.

New Deal. The Keynesian economics of the New Deal has cushioned the business cycle and maintained nearly full employment. It has not achieved its ideal of social balance between public and private works. The result is an expanding production increasingly consisting of corporation boondoggling.

Syndicalism. Industrial workers have won their unions, obtained better wages and working conditions, and affirmed the dignity of labor. But they gave up their ideal of workers' management, technical education, and concern for the utility of their labor. The result is that a vast majority couldn't care less about what they make, and the labor movement is losing force.

Class Struggle. The working class has achieved a striking repeal of the iron law of wages; it has won a minimum wage and social security. But the goal of an equalitarian or freely mobile society has been given up, as has the solidarity of the underprivileged. The actual result is an increasing rigidity of statuses and some of the underprivileged tending to drop out of society altogether. On the other hand, the cultural equality that has been achieved has been the degradation of the one popular culture to a low common denominator.

Production for Use. This socialist goal has been missed, resulting in many of the other failures here listed.

Sociology. During the past century, the sociologists have achieved their aim of dealing with mankind in its natural groups or groups with common problems, rather than as isolated individuals or a faceless mass. Social science has replaced many prejudices and ideologies of vested interests. But, on the whole, social scientists have given up their aim of fundamental social change and an open-experimental method determining its goals as it went along: the pragmatist ideal of society as a laboratory for freedom and self-correcting humanity. The actual result is an emphasis on "socializing" and "be-

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longing," with the loss of nature, culture, group solidarity and group variety, and individual excellence.

(3)

NEXT, political and constitutional reforms.

Democracy. The democratic revolution succeeded in extending formal self-government and opportunity to nearly everybody, regardless of birth, property, or education. But it gave up the ideal of the town meeting, with the initiative and personal involvement that alone could train people in self-government and give them practical knowledge of political issues. The actual result has been the formation of a class of politicians who govern, and who are themselves symbolic front figures.

The Republic. Correspondingly, the self-determination won by the American Revolution for the regional states, that should have made possible real political experimentation, soon gave way to a national conformity; nor has the nation as a whole conserved its resources and maintained its ideals. The result is a deadening centralism, with neither local patriotism nor national patriotism. The best people do not offer themselves for public office, and no one has the aim of serving the Republic.

Freedom of Speech. Typical is the fate of the hard-won constitutional freedoms, like freedom of speech. Editors and publishers have stopped trying to give an effective voice to important but unpopular opinions. Anything can be printed, but the powerful interests have the big presses. Only the safe opinion is proclaimed and other opinion is swamped.

Liberalism. The liberal revolution succeeded in shaking off onerous government controls on enterprise, but it did not persist to its goal of real public wealth as the result of free enterprise and honestly informed choice on the market. The actual result is an economy dominated by monopolies, in which the earnest individual entrepreneur or inventor, who could perform a public service, is actively discouraged; and consumer demand is synthetic.

Agrarianism. Conversely, the Jeffersonian ideal of a proud and independent productive yeomanry, with natural family morals and a cooperative community spirit, did in fact energize settling the West and providing the basis for our abundance. But failing to cope with technological changes and withstand speculation, "farming as a way of life" has succumbed to cash-cropping dependent on distant markets and is ridden with mortgages, tenancy, and hired labor. Yet it maintains a narrow rural morality and isolationist politics, is a sucker for the mass-culture of Madison Avenue and Hollywood, and in the new cities (e.g. migrating to California) is a bulwark against genuine city culture.

Liberty. Constitutional safeguards of person were won. But with the increasing concentration of state power and mass pressures, no effort was made to give to individuals and small groups new means easily to avail themselves of the safeguards. The result is that there is no longer the striking individuality of free men; even quiet nonconformity is hounded; there is no asylum from coast to coast; and the Organized System of monopolies dictates what you wear and whom you marry.

Fraternity. This short-lived ideal of the French Revolution, animating a whole people and uniting all classes as a community, soon gave way to a dangerous nationalism. The ideal somewhat revived as the solidarity of the working class, but this too has faded into either philanthropy or "belonging."

Brotherhood of Races. The Civil War won formal rights for Negroes, but failed to win social justice and factual democracy. The actual result has been segregation, and fear and ignorance for both whites and blacks.

Pacifism. This revolution has been entirely missed.

(4)

LET us proceed to some more general moral premises of modern times.

Reformation. The Protestant Reformation won the possibility of living religiously

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in the world, freed individuals from the domination of the priest, and led, indirectly, to the toleration of private conscience. But it failed to withstand the secular power; it did not cultivate the meaning of vocation as a community function; and in most sects the spirit of the churches did not spring from their living congregations but was handed down as dogma and ascetic discipline. The final result has been secularism, individualism, the subordination of human beings to a rational economic system, and churches irrelevant to practical community life. Meantime, acting merely as a negative force, the jealous sectarian conscience has driven religion out of social thought.

Modern Science. The scientific revolution associated with the name of Galileo freed thinking of superstition and academic tradition and won attention to the observation of nature. But it failed to modify and extend its method to social and moral matters, and indeed science got further from ordinary experience. With the dominance of science and applied science in our times, the result has been a specialist class of scientists and technicians, the increasing ineptitude of the average person, a disastrous dichotomy of "neutral" facts vs. "arbitrary" values, making impossible a natural ethics, and a superstition of scientism that has put people out of touch with nature, as well as arousing a growing hostility to science.

Enlightenment. The Enlightenment unseated tyrannies of state and church with a triumph of reason over authority. But its universalism failed to survive nationalism, except among specialists of science and learning, and its ideal of encyclopedic reason as the passionate guide to life degenerated to the 19th-century Encyclopaedia Britannica. Now even science is concealed for strategic purposes; there is international communication without brotherhood; and it is felt that the rule of reason is infinitely impractical.

Honesty. The revolt of honest speech that we associate with Ibsen, Flaubert, etc. and also with the muckrakers, broke down the hypocrisy of Victorian prudishness and of exploiting pillars of society; it re-opened discussion and renovated language; and it weakened official censorship. But it failed to insist on the close relation between honest speech and corresponding action. The result has been a weakening of the obligation to act according to speech, so that, ironically, the real motives of public and private behavior are more in the dark than ever before.

Popular Culture. This ideal, that we may associate in literature with the name of Sam Johnson and the Fleet Street journalists, and in the plastic arts with Morris and Ruskin, freed culture from aristocratic and snobbish patrons. It made thought and design relevant to everyday manners. But it did not succeed in establishing an immediate relation between the writer or artist and his audience. The result is that the popular culture is controlled by hucksters and promoters like a saleable commodity, and our society, inundated by cultural commodities, remains uncultivated.

(5)

FINALLY, some reforms directly connected with children and adolescents.

No Child Labor. Children have been rescued from the exploitation and training of factories and sweat shops. But, relying on the public schools and the apprentice training in an expanding and open economy, the reformers did not develop a philosophy of capacity and vocation. Nor, since there were many small jobs, did they face the problems of a growing boy needing to earn some money. In our days, the result is that growing youths are idle and vocationally useless, and often economically desperate. The schools, on the contrary, become apprentice training grounds paid for by the public.

Compulsory Education. This gave to all children a certain equality of opportunity in an open expanding industrial society. Formal elementary discipline was sufficient when the environment was educative and provided opportunities for advancement. In our circumstances, formal literacy is less relevant, and overcrowding and official in-

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terference make individual attention and real teaching impossible; so that it could be said that the schools are as stupefying as they are educative, and compulsory education is often like a jail.

Sexual Revolution. This has accomplished a freeing of animal functioning in general, has pierced repression, importantly relaxed inhibition, weakened legal and social sanctions, and diminished the strict animal training of small children. The movement has not so much failed as that it is still in process, strongly resisted by inherited prejudices, fears, and jealousies. By and large it has not won practical freedom for older children and adolescents. The actual present result is that they are trapped by inconsistent rules, suffer because of excessive stimulation and inadequate discharge, and become preoccupied with sexual thoughts as if these were the whole of life.

Permissiveness. Children have more freedom of spontaneous behavior, and their dignity and spirit are not crushed by humiliating punishments in school and in very many homes. But this permissiveness has not extended to provide also means and conditions: young folk might be sexually free but have no privacy; they are free to be angry, but have no asylum to escape from home, and no way to get their own money. Besides, where upbringing is permissive, it is necessary to have strong values and esteemed behavior at home and in the community, so that the child can have worthwhile goals to structure his experience; and of course it is just these that are lacking. So permissiveness often leads to anxiety and weakness instead of confidence and strength.

Progressive Education. This radical proposal, aimed at solving the dilemmas of education in the modern circumstances of industrialism and democracy, was never given a chance. It succeeded in destroying the faculty-psychology in the interests of educating the whole person, and in emphasizing group-experience, but failed to introduce learning-by-doing of real problems. The actual result of the gains has been to weaken the academic curriculum and foster adjustment to society as it is.

II

Let us consider the beginning, the ending, and the middle of these little paragraphs.

The names I have printed in italics form, in their summation, a kind of program of modern man. It is evident that every one of these twenty-odd positions was invented-and-discovered as a response to specific historical conditions. The political positions were developed to oppose the absolutism of the kings who had unified the warring feudal states; the economic ideals fitted expanding enterprise and settling the West; the program for children and adolescents has been a response to modern industrialism and urbanism; and so forth. But it does *not* follow, as some sociologists think, that they can therefore be superseded and forgotten as conditions change.

Consider the following of C. Wright Mills: "The ideals that we Westerners associate with the classic, liberal, bourgeois period of modern culture may well be rooted in this one historical stage of this one type of society. Such ideals as personal freedom and cultural autonomy may not be inherent, necessary features of cultural life as such." This is like saying that tragic poetry or mathematics were "rooted" in the Greek way of life and are not "inherently" human. This kind of thinking is the final result of the recent social-scientific attitude that culture is added onto a featureless animal, rather than being the invention-and-discovery of human powers. This is effectually to give up the modern enterprise altogether. But we will not give it up. New conditions will be the conditions of, now, this kind of man, stubbornly insisting on the ideals that he has learned he has in him to meet.

Yet the modern positions are not even easily consistent with one another, to form a coherent program. There have been bitter conflicts between Liberty and Equality, Science and Faith, Technology and Syndicalism, and so forth. Nevertheless, we will not

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give up one or the other, but arduously try to achieve them all and *make* a coherent program. And indeed, experience has taught that the failure in one of these ideals at once entails failure in others. For instance, failure in social justice weakens political freedom, and this compromises scientific and religious autonomy. "If we continue to be without a socialist movement," says Frank Marquart, "we may end up without a labor movement." The setback of progressive education makes the compulsory school system more hopeless, and this now threatens permissiveness, and so forth.

There is no doubt, too, that in our plight new modern positions will be added to these, and these too will be compromised, aborted, their prophetic urgency bureaucratized and ironically transformed into the opposite. But there it is.

If we now collect the actual, often ironical, results of so much noble struggle, we get a clear *but exaggerated* picture of our American society. It has: slums of engineering—boondoggling production—chaotic congestion—tribes of middlemen—basic city functions squeezed out—garden cities for children—indifferent workmen—underprivileged on a dole—empty "belonging" without nature or culture—front politicians —no patriotism—an isolationist nationalism bound for a cataclysmically disastrous finish —wise opinion swamped—enterprise sabotaged by monopoly—prejudice rising—religion otiose—the popular culture debased —science specialized—the average man inept—youth idle and truant—youth sexually suffering and sexually obsessed—youth without goals.

This picture is not unjust, but it is exaggerated. For it omits, of course, all the positive factors and the ongoing successes. We have a persisting grand culture. There is a steady advance of science, scholarship, and the fine arts. A steady improvement in health and medicine. An economy of abundance and, in many ways, a genuine civil peace. And most of all there is the remarkable resilience and courage that belong to human beings. Also, the Americans, for all their folly and conformity, are often thrillingly sophisticated and impatient of hypocrisy.

Yet there is one grim actuality that even this exaggerated picture does not reveal, the creeping defeatism and surrender by default to the organized system of the state and semi-monopolies. International Business Machines and organized psychologists effectually determine the method of school examinations and personnel selection. As landlords, Webb and Knapp and Metropolitan Life decide what our domestic habits should be; and, as "civic developers" they plan communities, even though their motive is simply a "long term modest profit" on investment, while millions are ill-housed. "What is good for General Motors," says Secretary Wilson, "is good for the country," even though it is demonstrably ruinous for the cities, ruinous for the young, etc. Madison Avenue and Hollywood not only debauch their audiences but, pre-empting the means of communication, they prevent anything else from existing. With only occasional flagrant breaches of legality, the interlocking police forces and the FBI make people cowed and speechless. That Americans can allow this kind of thing rather than demolishing it with a blow of the paw like a strong lion, is the psychology of missed revolutions.

For our positive purposes in this essay, it is the middle parts of our paragraphs that warrant study: the failures, the fallings-short, the compromises. Imagine that these modern radical positions had been more fully achieved, we should have a society where:

A premium is placed on technical improvement and on the engineering style of functional simplicity and clarity. Where the community is planned as a whole, with an organic integration of work, living, and play. Where buildings have the variety of their functions and the uniformity of the prevailing technology. Where a lot of money is spent on public goods. Where workers are technically educated and have a say in man-

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agement. Where no one drops out of society and there is an easy mobility of classes. Where production is primarily for use. Where social groups are laboratories for solving their own problems experimentally. Where democracy begins in the town meeting and a man seeks office because he has a program. Where regional variety is encouraged and there is pride in the Republic. And young men are free of conscription. Where all are citizens of the universal Republic of Reason. Where it is the policy to give an adequate voice to the unusual and unpopular opinion, and to give a trial and a market to new enterprise. Where people are not afraid to make friends. Where races are factually equal. Where vocation is sought out and cultivated as God-given capacity, to be conserved and embellished, and where the church is the spirit of its congregation. Where ordinary experience is habitually scientifically assayed by the average man. Where it is felt that the suggestion of reason is practical. And speech leads to the corresponding action. Where the popular culture is a daring and passionate culture. Where children can make themselves useful and get their own money. Where their sexuality is taken for granted. Where the community carries on its important adult business and the children fall in at their own pace. And where education is concerned with fostering human powers as they develop in the growing child.

In such a utopian society, it would be very easy to grow up. There would be plenty of objective, worthwhile activities for a child to observe, fall in with, do, learn, improvise on his own. It is not the spirit of modern times that makes our society difficult for the young; it is that that spirit has not sufficiently realized itself.

In this light, the present plight of the young is not surprising. In the rapid changes, people have not kept enough in mind that the growing young also exist and the world must fit their needs. (So instead, we have the present phenomena of excessive attention to the children as such, in psychology and suburbs, and coping with "juvenile delinquency" as if it were an entity.) Adults fighting for some profoundly conceived fundamental change naturally give up, exhausted, when they have achieved some gain that makes life tolerable again and seems to be the substance of their demand. But to grow up, the young need a world that makes easier sense.

III

Indeed, the bother with the above little utopian sketch is that many adults would (I hope) be restive in such a stable modern world if it were achieved. They would say: it is a fine place for growing boys. I agree.

I think the case is as follows: every profound new proposal, of culture or institution, invents-and-discovers a new property of "Human Nature." Henceforth it is going to be in *these* terms that a young fellow will grow up and find his identity and his task. So if we accumulate the revolutionary proposals of modern times, we have named the *goals of modern education.* We saw that it was the aim of Progressive Education to carry this program through.

The existing local community, region, and nation is the real environment of the young. Conversely, we could define community spirit and patriotism as the conviction in which it is possible to grow up. (An independent and not-too-defeated adult confronts a broader historical, international, and cosmic scene as his environment for action; and he can live by dissent.)

Fundamental changes occurring with unusual rapidity have shattered tradition. We have no recourse to going back, there is nothing to go back to. If we are to have a stable and whole community in which the young can grow to manhood, we must painfully perfect the revolutionary modern tradition that we have.

Yet this stoical resolve is, paradoxically, a *conservative* proposition, aiming at stability and social balance. For often it is not a question of making innovations, but of catching up and restoring right proportions. But no doubt in our runaway one-sided

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way of life, the proposal to conserve human resources and develop human capacities has become a radical innovation.

Right proportion cannot be restored by adding a few new teachers formally equivalent to the growth of population. We must look for the human scale in our present situation to find how many more minds must be put to educating. Even Dr. Conant says that we must nearly double our present annual expenditure for teaching alone, not counting plant and the central schools he wants.

IT MUST be understood that with the increase in population and crowding, the number and variety of human services increase geometrically, and the laissez-faire areas, both physical and social, decrease. Therefore the units of human service, such as school classes or the clientele of a physician (and even political districts), ought to be made *smaller,* to avoid the creation of masses, mass-teaching, mass-medicine, mass-psychotherapy, mass-penology. Yet our normal schools and medical schools cannot cope with even the present arithmetical increase.

Similarly, right proportion requires reversing the goal in vocational guidance, from fitting the man to the machine and chopping him down to fit, to finding opportunity in the economy that brings out the man, and if you can't find such an opportunity, make it. This involves encouraging new small enterprises and unblocking and perhaps underwriting invention. Again, if at present production is inhuman and stupid, it is that too few minds are put to it: this can be remedied by giving the workman more voice in production, and the kind of training to make that voice wise.

Probably, right proportion involves considerable decentralizing and increasing the rural-urban ratio. Certainly it involves transforming the scores of thousands of neglected small places, hopelessly dull and same, into interesting villages that someone could be proud of. A lot of the booming production has got to go into publicly useful goods, proportionate to the apparently forgotten fact that it is on public grounds, because of public investment and the growth of population, that private wealth is produced and enjoyed and reinvested. We have to learn again, what city-man always used to know, that belonging to the city, to its squares, its markets, its neighborhoods, and its high culture, is a public good; it is not a field for investment to yield a long-term modest profit to a promoter. A proportionate allocation of public funds, again, is not likely to devote more money to escape roads convenient for automobiles than to improving the city center. (If I may make a pleasant suggestion, we could underwrite a handsome program for serious adult leisure by a 10 per cent luxury tax on new cars; it would yield over a billion.)

Since prosperity itself has made it more difficult for the underprivileged immigrant to get started, right proportion requires devoting all the more money and ingenuity to helping him find himself and get started. And some way will have to be found, again, for a man to be decently poor, to work for a subsistence without necessarily choosing to involve himself in the total high standard economy. One way of achieving this would be directly producing subsistence goods in (relative) isolation from the total economy.

In arts and letters, there is a right balance between the customary social standard and creative novelty, and between popular entertainment and aesthetic experience. Then, to offset Hollywood and Madison Avenue, we must have hundreds of new little theaters, little magazines, and journals of dissenting opinion with means of circulation, because it is only in such that new things can develop and begin to win their way in the world.

It is essential that our democratic legislatures and public spokesmen be balanced by more learned and serious voices that, as in Britain, can disinterestedly broach fundamental issues of community-plan, penal code, morality, cultural tone, with some certainty of reaching a public forum and some possibility of being effective. For there is no

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other way of getting the best to lead, to have some conviction and even passionate intensity, to save America from going to managers, promoters, and politicians by default.

Certainly right proportion, in a society tightly organized and conformist, requires a vast increase in the jealous safeguards of civil liberties, to put the fear of God back into local police, district attorneys, and the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

Here is a program of more than a dozen essentials, all practicable, all difficult. A wiser and more experienced author could no doubt suggest a dozen more. The prevalent presumption that it is hard to think of ways out of our troubles, that we need "a new ethics, a new aesthetics," is not serious. And the other prevalent presumption, that it is infinitely impractical to follow the suggestions of reason, is not serious. It is not impractical; it is that some people don't want to, and the rest of us don't want to enough.

Let me expand one of the above points: making sense of adult leisure.

What are the present goals of the philosophers of leisure, for instance the National Recreation Association? And now imagine those goals achieved. There would be a hundred million adults who have cultured hobbies to occupy their spare time: some expert on the flute, some with do-it-yourself kits, some good at chess and go, some square-dancing, some camping out and enjoying nature, and all playing various athletic games. Leaf through the entire catalogue of the National Recreation Association, take all the items toegther, apply them to one hundred million adults—and there is the picture. The philosophy of leadership, correspondingly, is to get people to participate, everybody must "belong."

Now even if all these people were indeed getting deep personal satisfaction from these activities, this is a dismaying picture. It doesn't add up to anything. It isn't important. There is no ethical necessity in it, no standard. One cannot waste a hundred million people that way.

The error is in the NRA's basic concept of recreation. Let me quote from a recent editorial in *Recreation:* Recreation is "any activity participated in . . . merely for the enjoyment it affords. . . . The rewards of recreational activities depend upon the degree to which they provide outlets for personal interests." Outlets again, as in the Governor of New York's prescription for the juvenile delinquents. But enjoyment is *not* a goal, it is a feeling that accompanies important ongoing activity. Pleasure, as Freud said, is always dependent on function.

From the present philosophy of leisure, no new culture can emerge. What is lacking is worthwhile community necessity, as the serious leisure of the Athenians had community necessity, whether in the theater, the games, the architecture and festivals, or even the talk.

That we find it hard to think in these terms is a profound sign of our social imbalance. Yet we do *not* need "a new ethics, a new aesthetic." For the activities of serious leisure are right there, glaring, in our communities, to avoid shame and achieve grandeur.

But the question is: if there is little interest, honor, or manliness in the working part of our way of life, can we hope for much in the leisure part?

* * *

The best exposition of what I have been trying to say in this essay is the classic of conservative thinking, Coleridge's *On the Constitution of the Church and State.* His point in that essay is simply this: *In order to have citizens, you must first be sure that you have produced men.* There must therefore be a large part of the common wealth specifically devoted to cultivating "freedom and civilization," and especially to the education of the young growing up.

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SYDOR REY

The Story of Shulim

PEOPLE were quietly suspecting—at least such was my impression—that I had homosexual inclinations, but these suspicions did not disturb me. At a certain moment I was so obsessed by the Nazi slaughters that my torment was changed into a kind of tenderness for the human body, a longing for it, as if it were no more here, on earth. Because woman's body had for me, as a man, a very definite value, established in my early childhood, my new tenderness for the human body had to be centered on man.

Just as my first longings for woman's body turned my imagination away from my mother's body, so my first longings for man's body turned my imagination to my martyred brother's body. I saw before me the body of my brother, beautiful, white, warm, and calm like our hills covered with snow on a quiet, sunny day.

Thus I knew that my feeling for man's body was an echo of brotherly love and did not point to sexual deviation. My brother's beautiful nakedness as a symbol of brotherhood, a man's body—because wars, too, are fought among men.

One day I accompanied a newspaperman to the Hotel Marseille, to meet the first group of displaced persons arriving in New York, the majority of whom had survived the war under Nazi occupation.

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The ugliness of the men depressed me. On my way to the hotel I had hoped that the refugees would be beautiful like ore emerging from fire—their beauty was to be an answer to Nazi insults. . . . I was not pained by the women's ugliness, their ugliness made sense. They had been distended, disfigured by the children who had sprung from and fed on them, and by whom these mothers now stood surrounded as trees by new fruit. Their ugliness was no more offensive than a misshapen tree with beautiful fruit. But the ugliness of the men made no sense at all: theirs was like a frozen grimace of fools and madmen.

Suddenly I noticed a middle-aged man of soul-shaking beauty; he was subtly worn, like an old votive vessel, and because of that, more beautiful. He seemed to have been fashioned of silver, ivory, and mother of pearl. Age was not a component of his personality—youth, maturity, and decline were united in him like contradictory zoological stages in the same animal.

After a long while I realized that I knew this man, that this was Shulim—I had been so stunned by his beauty. Only in our dreams do familiar faces appear so unfamiliar in their beauty.

Shulim was made of the luminous stuff of dreams—how else could one account for his beauty? He was tall, very slender, with an oblong face, sunken cheeks, a yellow complexion, gray eyes, and gray hair falling over his forehead.

When I noticed him, he was standing silent and motionless in the midst of a

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bustling crowd, but as I walked toward him he had suddenly begun to circulate in the hall talking in a loud voice which reminded me of the monotonous rhythmic screeching of a bird. "A phoenix," I thought; at that very moment Shulim noticed me, and amidst his birdlike cries we fell into each other's arms.

Shulim radiated over all the men in the hall. We went up in the elevator to his room, which was dark, gloomy, and would have resembled a tomb had it not been for his wife with an infant at her breast: instead, it suggested a warm animal lair.

Shulim's sixteen-year-old son resembled his father to such an extent that he seemed to have emerged from Shulim, rather than from his mother. He was not as beautiful, though—he was still raw. Between father and son on the one hand and mother and baby on the other, there was such a difference in outward appearance that either the father and son were human—then the mother and baby were animal, or the mother and baby were human—then the father and son were angels. One might say that the beginning of life was here, in this stuffy room in a New York hotel, Paradise, in which the mother and infant were the Tree of Life, and the father and son cherubs watching over it.

After that I spent many hours walking with Shulim in New York. Walking was a kind of contemplation for him, a simplified dance for daily use. Only when we sat would he speak, and his voice, which had not changed, which still was, as it had been in his boyhood, a birdlike cry, a mixture of joy and fear, carried me back to the summer months we used to spend naked, as boys, on the banks of the river. At that time Shulim was so beautiful, so different from all of us, that we had—not only for our comfort's sake but also for his—to ridicule him a little, and we nicknamed him "Stork."

Because of intervening horrors, I remembered nothing of those marvelous summer months except fragments of a melody into which they had long since been transformed, and if I wished to say something about them, I could have managed only a few inarticulate sounds, an intermittent infant's squeak; but in Shulim's voice I rediscovered the full melody.

Often, as we sat on a bench and gazed at New York, Shulim would cry out suddenly: "Ah, how beautiful, how beautiful!"

Usually at such times there was a repulsive tenement, a dying tree, or a square littered with refuse before us, and I could not understand why he was so enthusiastic. Finally I discovered that at the sight of something ugly, Shulim often visualized its metamorphosis, its transfiguration from ugliness into beauty.

He was momentarily unemployed, and one day he confided to me that he wished he could resume his pre-war occupation, that is, selling haberdashery. In New York it would be a pleasure to sell attractive neckties, scarves, shirts, gloves, handkerchiefs, belts, and socks; in this abundant country, it is possible to sell beautiful things to the poorest, to working people, Shulim thought, for even the common man has taste, although he has no strength or time to choose.

"Ah, how beautiful, how beautiful!" Shulim repeated, gazing at a showcase of unattractive men's wear—we had just stopped in front of a small shop in a working class neighborhood. His enthusiasm was all the more ardent because it had grown out of sadness and doubts, like a water lily in a swamp.

"Was it, was it really worthwhile to fight so hard for survival?" he would occasionally ask in his birdlike voice, quickly glancing about him like a bird.

Before the last war, in our native town, Shulim had run a haberdashery which was famous in the entire region, and whose customers were local landowners and professionals. He had not worked when he was single, but, after marrying Chaia who brought him some money as her dowry, he had decided that a haberdashery was the thing for him—this would enable him to constantly handle silk, to dress men beauti-

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fully, and to dress elegantly himself. There wasn't an unattractive thing in his shop—it surpassed in this way all the shops in the world—and one could find articles there as beautiful as those in the shops of London, Paris, or Warsaw. All our elite knew this. Shulim was proud of his shop, and that is why he contented himself with moderate profits, and did not behave toward his aristocratic customers with the servility displayed by other Jewish shopkeepers. He stood in his shop as if he were there only for pleasure, as if it were not his shop, and it was his appearance, the elegance of his clothes, that encouraged people to buy. When his customers said that he was "a clean man," they had in mind primarily his physical cleanliness and the purity of his taste; his neatness suggested honesty.

Shulim's father, a *shohet,* literally bathed in blood. It was something to see him in the slaughterhouse, with his disheveled beard, rolled-up sleeves, in blood-drenched high boots, bending over an ox, a gleaming knife in his hand. He was very tall, taller than Shulim, with a long red beard, gray eyes, and black hair and earlocks. Possessing a beautiful baritone voice, he composed lovely liturgical airs, which musicians performed at balls at estates. His compositions, all in waltz rhythm, were destined for the Friday evening prayer with which the faithful welcome the coming of the Sabbath personified as a beloved bride.

Each Friday, from morning till evening, Yechiel stood in the blood of the chickens, ducks, and geese he slaughtered, and after sunset he stood as though in fire before the pulpit, his lyrical baritone saluting Sabbath, the bride.

Yechiel refused to be paid for his services as a cantor: it seemed to him that if he accepted remuneration even once he would never be able to compose a tune, and might even lose the purity of his voice.

His wife was homely, thickset, black-haired, and in her youth must have looked like Chaia; jesters maintained that Yechiel had begotten his beautiful Shulim with "Sabbath, the bride."

During the occupation the old shohet, determined not to let the Nazis dishonor his body, had starved himself to death.

"I don't know how he did it," Chaia said. "For several days he ate nothing, and sat over the Bible, humming songs to himself from time to time, and thus went to sleep forever. I don't know how he did it; my father-in-law was strong as a lion, and no doubt God made it easy for him to die. How beautiful he was after death. I washed his body. What a man, what a man!"

"WHERE are the heroes of the occupation period?" I asked Shulim.

"Heroes, heroes!" said Shulim, pointing his finger at the earth. "All of them perished, none remain. All were expended only to save mankind. True, a few potential heroes have been left, those who hadn't time to become heroes; they are the ones who survived the occupation beside the heroes, thanks to the latters' heroism, and they are the best of the survivors. For they alone have emerged from the occupation to bear witness to the existence of self-sacrifice, loyalty, heroism, and social bonds. . . ."

Only these men, Shulim said, can restore human values, that is, those beautiful qualities which man has acquired thanks to his social bonds. "When I say that all the heroes died," he exclaimed, "I mean only those who, as though it were the only human way of living, lived for the sake of the community. Some brave men have survived. Remember Miecio Artman, whose father was an estate administrator at Chocien? Under the occupation, Miecio, with only his mistress to help him, hid alone in the woods, and after the occupation he roamed about, an automatic in his hand, killing every collaborator he met. Well, what of it? He has survived, he took his revenge, but how much humanity in him has survived?"

"My father locked himself up in an oaken closet when they came to take him to a concentration camp," said Chaia, "and refused to open the door. The Nazis shot him through the door and left him there."

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"Ha, her whole family is stubborn," said Shulim.

He told me nothing about himself. I knew he had worked in a German military depot, where he was the protégé of a certain Captain Heinecke, and that he had spent the last ten months of the war in an underground bunker.

When with apparent casualness I asked him, "How was it with you?" he told me, instead, how his benefactor, Captain Heinecke, had shot Janek—Janek whose aunts had dressed him like a girl until he was six, tying his long hair with bows, or plaiting them into pigtails, so that the other children thought of him as a girl, and he had remained girlish all his life, the image of his mother.

Janek's mother had died when he was scarcely a few days old, and he was cared for by his mother's four older sisters, all of them unmarried, and all as beautiful as his mother had been. His guardians decided to bring him up as a girl to replace their dead youngest sister. Janek was for them a substitute sister; his aunts brought him up in such a way that eventually he identified with his mother, and as a grown boy he proudly displayed his feminine grace. He seemed like a young woman awakening from sleep. Was this because his aunts had told him how his mother, a few days after having given birth to him, beautiful amidst the white bed linen, had said smiling, "Good night, my dears," closing her eyes as though to sleep, and had died?

Seeing Janek with a group of Jews about to be sent to a death camp, Captain Heinecke had walked up to him, taken him by the hand, and led him out—he needed a chauffeur.

For a year Janek was the captain's chauffeur, handsome in his tight-fitting boots, trousers, and leather jacket, with his blond curled hair protruding from under his leather cap. One day the captain told him to check something in the car engine, and when Janek bent over it, the captain shot him in the back of the head, and walked away. Next day Janek was to be taken to a death camp; he was unaware of this. Captain Heinecke had apparently taken pity on him, or had wanted to prove that he had no sympathy for Jews—or perhaps both motives accounted for his action.

On another occasion Shulim answered my question, "How was it with you?" by telling me how the captain had shot Prokop, who had been the handsomest peasant in our region.

Tall, stoutish, with a bushy golden mustache and large blue eyes, Prokop was different in his handsomeness from the other peasants. Though a descendant of generations of peasants, he resembled an actor playing the part of a peasant. He worked hard, but he was always fresh and relaxed, and his face was joyful and invariably festive; his body, like that of a horse, was always aquiver, it was full of hidden laughter. He dressed peasant fashion in rough homespun fabrics, like all other peasants, and yet there was a soft and elegant quality about him, as though he dressed in silk.

Prokop kept his land, buildings, horses, and cattle in the best condition. He had the handsomest laborers in the village, and the most beautiful wife—for what other wife can be taken by a man who merely looks at her? He had a wife because a farm cannot do without a woman. He also needed her for his beloved laborers: if one of them craved a woman for a change, he did not have to leave the farm.

Though occasionally Prokop was the subject of jokes, no one was surprised by all this nor upset, because villagers calmly accept inborn eccentricities. Prokop belonged to an old local family, he was a good farmer, a good neighbor, and was treated like any other farmer.

One day he had an apoplectic stroke which left him mute and partly paralyzed. Thereafter he dragged himself through the village with a twisted face, one eye pulled down, one arm and one leg stiff, and his organ sadly hanging from his open fly, apparently for convenience, so as not to wet himself while attending to his needs.

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His neighbors quickly accustomed themselves to this, too. Most of them regarded Prokop's condition as divine punishment, an act of immanent justice; the women remarked good-naturedly that "anyway the thing had never been of use." Captain Heinecke often ran into Prokop in the field, and each time was terribly irritated; finally he shot him. Nobody was present, but everyone knew that Heinecke had shot him: he had several times declared that Prokop should be liquidated, because this was no life for him, nor should people have to look at such a disgusting creature.

"If it was a matter of ugliness, Heinecke should have killed himself," said Shulim. "Prokop still had a human appearance, but this Heinecke was so ugly, he stank."

Nothing is so offensive as a beautiful man who, with his youth, has lost his humanity. Such a man's face, instead of gradually aging, suddenly dies and disintegrates, ceases to be human.

Heinecke was one of those who cannot bear the impact of time, whose humanity fails to cross not only the threshold of old age, but also of maturity; their youth is shortlived, and so is their humanity.

He was a poet; in his early youth he had published a little volume of smooth, superficial verse, written—so he imagined—in the style of ancient Greece, in which human life, reduced to physical elements and male youth, appeared terribly insignificant and short. Life was insignificant, the important thing was death.

Heinecke's life had shriveled to mere youth, and his youth had shriveled also. Having lost his vitality at a very early age, he was later driven on by the delusion of his own youth and beauty. Thus deluded, he could easily point out the ugliness of others, regarding his ruthlessness toward ugly people as an aesthetic mission. It was on such aesthetes that the Nazis counted for carrying out their extermination policies, and in order to facilitate their mission, they had reduced their victims to the level of repulsive vermin.

Thus it came about that Nazi-occupied countries provided Heinecke with a magnificent field of action. It was this Heinecke who took Shulim under his protection, it was to him that Shulim owed his life—Shulim himself told me so. He made no attempt to explain to me simply and directly how he had survived under such a man: apparently he had not elucidated the matter to himself, and I had the impression that he was not interested. He knew that I could not suspect him of having collaborated with the enemy, for there were witnesses, and this was enough for him.

SHULIM did not strike one as a man who concealed something. He had willingly told me about Janek, Prokop, and other incidents connected with the captain, and he related those things with the conviction that he was telling me about himself. Moreover, he thought that the question of how he had survived was of concern to me, not to him, that in the end I would understand, and explain it to him. He expected me to find the key to this affair in himself, if I stayed close to him.

"Remember, one day a beautiful, valuable portrait of a man was discovered in the hut of a poor mountaineer," he said. "The portrait had been hanging there for years, the peasant had never tried to sell it. He had found it somewhere during the First World War, liked it, hung it on his wall, and then forgot about it—'let it hang.' And this portrait has survived. . . ."

Captain Heinecke on arriving in our town had visited Shulim, who had by then closed his shop, and demanded to be shown whatever remained of his merchandise. Shulim had only a few articles left, but each of them was of the finest quality.

"Schoen, schoen," the captain repeated when Shulim showed him his shirts, neckties, socks, and handkerchiefs. But what struck him most was Shulim's indestructible beauty—the kind of beauty that distinguishes ancient masterpieces with crumbled noses and lips, with eroded eyes, masterpieces of which there is nothing left but beauty.

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Shulim's hands and fingernails were neglected, yet beautiful; his hair had neither been cut nor combed, yet it lay beautifully on his head; his suit, though worn and stained, fitted him as gracefully as feathers fit a bird's body, and his ravaged face seemed the more beautiful for being ravaged.

Nature, having given Shulim beauty, could not rob him of it. All his life Captain Heinecke had labored under the illusion that it was he who had been granted such indestructible beauty, and now the discovery of it in someone else strengthened his delusion. Moreover, he regarded Shulim's beauty as his own. (We always regard others' possessions that we desire passionately as our own; that is why it is so easy for us to reach out for them.)

He ordered Shulim to deliver the merchandise to his quarters, and to report next day for work in the military depot. Shulim was kept in this depot for over a year. The captain saved him during a few successive round-ups, and arranged an underground hiding place for him in advance if his intervention were to prove unsuccessful.

Why had Heinecke helped Shulim, or, more accurately, why had he not let him die? Obviously, I could not ask Shulim this question. But Shulim himself asked in his birdlike voice: "Why didn't the lions molest the prophet Daniel? Did he emanate an ardor that frightened the wild beasts who mistook it for fire, or did he emit an odor that kept the lions at a distance?"

My hints on the nature of Heinecke's relationship to Shulim must, I suppose, be regarded as hypothetical. But if I could repeat all of Shulim's casual remarks, glances, and gestures, and above all, if I could, by means of words, reveal Shulim to others as he had revealed himself to me, my conjectures would have for others the same truthful eloquence that they have for me.

THE fact is that there was some undefined quality in Shulim, and because of this undefined thing Heinecke did not let him perish. More exactly, Heinecke had not let him die because there was something unknowable in Shulim. Heinecke was fascinated by the unknowable.

Shulim did not for a moment allow Heinecke to forget that he was a man, a living being; for a human being lives as long as his humanity is preserved, and as long as Shulim was beautiful, he was a man. He often fancied that Heinecke lay in wait for him, as hungry dogs harnessed to a sleigh will wait for the weakest to drop from exhaustion, in order to fall upon it; even fowl in a coop behave that way. Shulim had to be immaculate, the slightest flaw would have provoked Heinecke, as blood provokes a shark.

In those terrible days his indestructible beauty proclaimed the superiority of life over death; in his presence Heinecke felt that man belonged to life, that he had nothing in common with death.

Shulim's beauty confirmed Heinecke's delusion of his own beauty, and aroused his longing for immortality. Thus Shulim's beauty became his own, Shulim's life his own, and to protect Shulim's life meant to protect himself. (That is, I suppose, the meaning of "love your neighbor as yourself.")

Heinecke would have preferred to treat men as some conquerors treated the women in the countries they had subjugated—he would have spared them all. He reconciled himself to exterminating innumerable men only because he looked upon it as a campaign against ugliness; the condition the men were in convinced him of his motive, and his protecting Shulim proved to him that he was sincere. To defend Shulim was to defend his own convictions.

As his kindred and friends were killed, Shulim grew more beautiful. It was their lives he absorbed rather than their deaths, and the life of each now seemed beautiful to him. Feeling that he must live for them, he absorbed their lives. Constantly threatened by death, he never forgot his own life, as if such a lapse would be a concession to death. In this way he was always struggling against death, transforming death into life, producing a miracle.

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Possibly this was the unknowable element that fascinated Heinecke, an element that Shulim had brought in remnants to New York.

"You should have seen how Heinecke grew uglier every day," Shulim said. "People were being murdered around him, and he grew uglier, as if each death meant another shadow on his face."

I told Shulim I believed his beauty had saved him from death.

"Maybe, maybe," he said with a modesty that could only reflect simplicity. "But it pleased Heinecke considerably that I disliked the Bolsheviks, and ridiculed their manners and uniforms."

OR HAD Shulim survived merely because he was Captain Heinecke's lover? I often returned to this supposition, though I realized that it was groundless. But I reminded myself that if this had been so, it would not have embarrassed him to refer to it, as one of the nightmares of the occupation. He would probably have told me about it in that simple, elegant, abstract manner, which enables the narrator to talk about himself as if he were a third person, and which nevertheless enhances the plausibility of his story, although it removes the sordidness from a sordid thing in order to make it more accessible. If Shulim had under the occupation eaten excrement (as one of the great New York antique dealers told me about himself), he would have talked about it as a human misfortune.

Moreover he did not have to tell me—all his experiences had left traces in him, and he disclosed them so tactfully that we, the uninitiate, were able to look at them without batting an eye.

"Since these experiences were so painful, it must be hard to listen to stories about them," Shulim remarked. The usual thing said on such occasions is: "If I could endure it, you can damn well listen!"

Not only had the occupation failed to kill Shulim's sensitivity to suffering, it had not even deadened his aesthetic sense; the two were identical for him. One day he told me that an elderly man had accosted his son at a movie house near Times Square and made obvious proposals to him—his son had reported this to him. Anyone who watched Shulim and listened to his account of the incident would have realized that homosexuality was as alien to him as cannibalism.

I went with him to a Turkish bath, and when I saw his body I was certain that Heinecke had looked at Shulim as though he were seeing Christ's body: for Heinecke, to whom the ideal form was represented by the male body, Shulim embodied great spiritual values, and was therefore negative sexually.

He admired and protected Shulim despite the absence of sexual attraction, and for Heinecke, this proved his own Platonic loyalty to the male body. He needed such proof either because he had grown old, or because the war years had affected him so much.

As I looked at Shulim's body I felt that to Heinecke he had represented the same thing as he represented to me—an answer to the degradation inflicted on man, and that Heinecke's protection had been the protest of an offended hedonist. In order to sustain the purity of a protest, in thus protecting Shulim, Heinecke had to refrain from sexual intercourse with him. Moreover I am convinced that if Heinecke had had a sexual relationship with Shulim, he would have eventually liquidated him or let him die.

Amidst the atrocious devastation one beautiful human life had survived, and Heinecke had defended it—he needed this satisfaction.

Shulim told me that one day when he and his wife were already behind barbed wire, prepared to be transported to a death camp, Captain Heinecke had suddenly appeared in an elegant limousine, had shown the guard some document, and then taken Shulim back to the depot, while Chaia remained in the enclosure.

"Well, what did Lot do when his wife turned into a pillar of salt?" Shulim cried in his birdlike voice. "He fled before the

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rain of fire." Shulim had thought that he had lost his wife, but the next day the gravedigger Proksymiak, in whose house Shulim had hidden his little son, came to tell him that Chaia was now with him. It turned out that she had entered the latrine at the edge of the enclosure, squeezed herself through the opening into the ditch, made her way across the fence, and escaped through the fields to the graveyard, to Proksymiak's house.

"I tell you, she comes from a stubborn family," Shulim screeched, holding his nose with two fingers.

CHAIA and their little son remained hidden at Proksymiak's, while Shulim continued to work in the depot.

One day the captain told him that he could no longer do anything for him, that Shulim must go into hiding. Puk, he added, would come at night and take him to the hiding place.

Puk had previously informed Shulim that he had prepared a hiding place for him by order of the captain, with whom the limping Puk, who was half peasant and half trader, bartered eggs, chickens, butter, cheese, and cream for tobacco, coffee, tea, and sugar. Heinecke had never learned the whereabouts of the hiding place, and Shulim learned it only at the last moment.

At night Puk took Shulim, Chaia, and their son to his farm, where his wife, who was of Jewish extraction, and about a dozen other Jews lived in a cleverly camouflaged ditch in the stable. In that ditch Shulim and his family stayed until the retreat of the Germans.

There were several couples in the ditch. When I asked whether this had not led to ticklish situations, Shulim cried out: "Ah, you're curious about some stupid details, like all those cheap writers! . . . There was nothing drastic. Occasionally one of us would fancy he saw something, but then he would convince himself he had dreamt it, and he would close his eyes."

Shulim told me that poor Mrs. Puk, who was a zealous Catholic and very proper, would loudly recite prayers to shield her embarrassment each time she sat on the chamberpot. Or did the poor woman feel most vulnerable in that position, like a dog, and did she pray out of fear?

A lady whose sister had been with Shulim in the ditch told me that the moment Shulim had appeared there, all the others seemed to become nobler.

On the day of the German retreat Prokop's widow killed Captain Heinecke. She ran into him in the open field and hit him on the head with a log. "That's for killing poor Prokop!" she had cried.

It was said that Heinecke died out of fear, not as a result of the blow he had received. His body was left lying in the lonely open field for several days.

"Ah, how ugly he was after he died!" said Shulim. "I felt sorry for him."

"What do you mean? That he shouldn't have been killed?" I asked, surprised.

"Oh no! He deserved to die after such crimes. But I was sorry for him because after dying he was so repulsive."

After the German retreat Shulim worked for some time in a tannery, sorting raw leather, but he felt attracted to countries untouched by the war.

"It was ugly everywhere, ugly as death," he said.

A few months after reaching New York Shulim had a stand with neckties in a downtown section inhabited predominantly by working people and some struggling young writers, artists, and actors.

Not a single necktie on his stand was of poor taste; all were of superior quality in cloth and pattern, and otherwise obtainable only in the most elegant shops of New York. Shulim sold them at a fraction of their price elsewhere, and nevertheless made some profit. He found his way to several manufacturers and wholesalers, buying slightly imperfect merchandise at low prices.

The passers-by were not attracted by his neckties, which were too discreet and subtle for their taste; they were attracted by Shulim's appearance, his clothing, face, owlish eyes, and stance. A man who stopped at

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the stand for a moment immediately felt the need to improve his appearance, and bought the first necktie, which could not be ugly because there were no ugly neckties on the stand. While taking great trouble in the choosing of his merchandise from the manufacturers' and wholesalers' stocks, Shulim sold it nonchalantly, as though freely dispensing it.

All his neckties sold for the same price; sometimes in the grand manner of a big businessman, he took no profit. After a short time his stand was famous in the neighborhood, and there was delight around him, as if he distributed the beautiful life. Women smiled at him with a touch of fear in their eyes.

Under Shulim's influence, I too began to dress more carefully, with a kind of childish joy. My body relaxed and was filled with laughter. I began to see myself as a protest against the Nazi degradations. I often visited Shulim at his stand; he kept repeating that he must some day open a haberdashery, a shop with trees before it, and the river behind; and that in a country as rich as the United States, even the poorest man could dress beautifully. He continued to sell his merchandise nonchalantly; occasionally he would delicately remove a customer's old necktie, and carefully put on a new one—it seemed then that he was dressing up his own son or brother.

Less than a year later he had a lovely haberdashery in a small town near New York. In front of the shop there were beautiful trees, a little river flowed behind it, and his customers were ordinary working people whom he seemed to instruct in elegance.

"Why do we need big cities in such a country!" Shulim cried. "Electricity, gas, plumbing, the telephone, radio, television are everywhere. In a small town people can be more beautiful, particularly working people. If only bombs don't begin to drop on us someday. If only we're not suddenly told that we must renounce beautiful neckties because we must have some interplanetary stations."

He was a dreamer, and his dream was reflected not in his words, but in his entire personality. He was a dauntless dreamer. He never ceased to believe in the promised land, which was revealed to him in one of his adolescent dreams. Not only had his terrible experiences not killed his faith, they had strengthened it. He put it simply: "Since there could be so much horror, there can be just as much beauty."

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WIRETAPPING: THE QUIET REVOLUTION

ALAN F. WESTIN

IN THE past six years, what can best be described as a civil liberties revolt has taken place in America over wire tapping and electronic eavesdropping. Because this exploded primarily at the state level and has not—as yet—produced Congressional action, too few people are aware of the scope of the reforms and their fundamental significance for the right to privacy in this country. But not all uprisings are fought in the streets with cobblestones or grenades, and the cold statistics on wire tapping tell a revolutionary story. Since 1953, eighteen states have had legislative debates over wire tapping control laws. Of these, four have joined New York in placing official wire tapping under court-supervised warrant procedures and outlawing private interceptions. Two states have banned all wire tapping, whether done by private detectives or the state police. Five states have gone beyond telephone eavesdropping and enacted controls on all types of electronic monitoring—by radio, microphone, or electric beam. Three states have had judicial rulings which declared wire tapping to be illegal under existing laws and have excluded wiretap evidence from state trials. One state (Texas) passed a new law excluding wiretap evidence from state trials.

What precipitated this flurry of wire-tap legislation? More important, how much actual impact is the new legislation having?

ALAN F. WESTIN, a member of Columbia University's department of Public Law and Government, served as consultant to the Senate Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights during its hearings on wiretapping and eavesdropping. Two states have adopted wiretapping statutes based on a model drafted by Mr. Westin.

By the 1950's, privacy from telephone tappers and microphone planters had been pressed into a desperate situation. Technologically, a vast breakthrough had occurred in eavesdropping techniques: parabolic microphones were constructed which could beam in on conversations from hundreds of yards away; resonator radio transmitters the size of match boxes could be planted under a table or bed to send conversations to receiving sets a mile away; telephone tap connections no longer had to be made by crude splicing of wires but were accomplished by refined induction coil devices (and even by metallic conductor paints applied close to the telephone connection and matched to the wall color to defy detection); tape recorders small enough to fit into a coat pocket were invented, as were "television eyes" small enough to be hidden in a heating duct or light fixture, and tiny automatic cameras able to photograph almost in the dark with infra-ray film.

If these were "Buck Rogers" developments, technically possible but still on the drawing boards, there would have been little cause for immediate alarm. But in the early 1950's, the American public discovered that every one of the devices just described was already in use, and that they were spreading across the nation with cancerous speed. In February of 1955, the news broke in New York about a central wire-tap station set up by private detectives and able to monitor over 100,000 lines in the mid-Manhattan area. In the same year, the District Attorney of Philadelphia released to the press unedited transcripts of telephone taps he had made on the lines of Teamster organizers who, he alleged, were out to raid the local of another union. In 1954, an investment

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broker and a private detective in Chicago were apprehended in the tapping of the line of a company whose purchase the broker was considering. Also in Chicago in 1954, a double wire tapping incident was uncovered: a labor racketeer had tapped the phones of witnesses who were complaining about him to a federal grand jury while the FBI was allegedly tapping the wire tapper's phones. Taps by Maryland police in bookmaking cases led the Baltimore *Sun* to attack the "wide-open, indiscriminate use of wire tapping" in that state. In Las Vegas, Nevada, hidden microphones were installed by a private investigator at the direction of a newspaper editor who wanted to secure proof that prominent gamblers and state officials were in connivance, and in the wake of this exposure, it was proved that Nevada's leading brothels made a practice of wiring their rooms to collect useful facts about clients. In New Jersey, a state legislative committee found local prosecutors and state troopers actively tapping; private eyes in the Garden State were also doing a thriving business in the usual divorce and business cases. In California, eavesdropping practices by police and private detectives included microphone installations which were kept for months on end in the bedrooms of suspects, the bugging of hotel rooms and tapping of public phones, and the secret filming of movie stars at play in their homes. These *causes célèbres* made the front pages of newspapers not just in the states concerned but across the country, and were paralleled by wire tapping disclosures in Detroit, Michigan; Kansas City, Missouri; Portland, Oregon, and many other communities. The public learned that wire tapping and microphoning were not confined to the "eavesdropping capitals" of New York and Washington, D. C., but were nationwide.

IN TERMS of law, a dangerous impasse had been reached in the early 1950's which left citizens shorn of any effective legal protection. Since 1928, when the U. S. Supreme Court held that wire tapping was not a violation of the Fourth Amendment (prohibiting unreasonable search and seizure), there had been no constitutional limit on wire tapping. To be sure, some states had laws which said that wire tapping was forbidden, but the statutes dated mainly from the 1920's, were often vaguely worded, and proved to be ineffective in covering modern wire-tap techniques or law enforcement interceptions.

Down to 1937 attempts either to outlaw or control wire tapping failed to pass in Congress, and the Supreme Court finally stepped into the vacuum. In 1937, the Court interpreted Section 605 of the Federal Communications Act of 1934 as forbidding federal officers (and any other "persons") to intercept telephone calls and use the evidence in federal trials. However, Section 605, which had originally been drafted in 1924 to deal with radio messages, and had never been written by Congress with telephone tapping in mind, actually read "intercept . . . *and* divulge." Given this ambiguity, the FBI and a succession of Attorneys General maintained that tapping itself was legal and that the law only forbade using the evidence in court. Federal officers consequently went on tapping at their own discretion; whenever they tried to use the evidence in federal trials or whenever taps provided the key lead in an investigation, the federal courts threw the evidence out and ordered new trials. At the same time, the Department of Justice, which itself was authorizing wire-taps, had after 1940 refused on grounds of "good conscience" to enforce Section 605 by prosecuting state police or even private tappers.

By 1955, concern over the problem had gone far beyond professional civil libertarians and the editors of liberal weeklies. Two national television networks in 1955 engaged in a race to put out the first drama condemning telephone snoopers. Reverend Billy Graham's organization produced a movie called *Wiretapper,* showing the religious conversion of a repentant sinner whose pre-salvation occupation had been that of a "professional earphones man." The mass media featured exposés of wire-tap scandals, and even Daddy Warbucks in the comic strip "Little Orphan Annie" learned to his anger that agents of "The Syndicate" were tapping his calls.

Sensitive to this widespread public concern, both Democratic and Republican leaders in Congress promised remedial legislation. When one professional wire tapper (temporarily reformed) demonstrated at

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Congressional hearings how he could sit in a Congressman's outer office reading a magazine while he was secretly recording telephone calls made from the inner office, the newspapers reported that the committee members were visibly shaken. Prospects for Congressional action seemed high. Yet no law was passed on wire tapping in 1955, and none has been passed since. Despite universal dismay at the existing situation (even federal law enforcement officers wanted legislation so that they could use wire-tap evidence in courts in cases such as that of Judith Coplon), action was prevented by a split in Congress among those opposing all wire tapping, those favoring a court-order law permitting some official interceptions, and those who were insisting upon self-administered controls by the Justice Department.

But the impetus built up between 1953 and 1955, instead of evaporating altogether, found its way into the states. With local bar associations and American Civil Liberties Union chapters as their principal sponsors (and aided in some instances by the political influence of that well-known libertarian fraternity, the nation's bookmakers), new wire-tap reform laws were passed in state after state. These reflect an important shift in the general public attitude toward the appropriate balance to be struck between privacy and law enforcement.

Two basic solutions to the wire tapping problem have been developed in the state legislation. In New York, Oregon, Maryland, Nevada, and Massachusetts, law enforcement officers are permitted to tap telephones if they can present evidence before a state judge showing reasonable cause to believe that a crime (limited to certain major crimes in some of the laws) has been or is about to be committed, and that telephone interceptions are essential to the processing of the case. The telephone to be tapped must be identified and a short specific time period is allotted for the monitoring. Private persons are clearly barred from tapping, with stiff penalties provided, and any wire-tap evidence obtained by police in violation of the statute is excluded from the courts.

The other technique adopted has been to ban tapping entirely. Illinois and Pennsylvania did this in 1957 by carefully-drawn legislation, and with the state legislators and governors fully aware that the laws denied wire-tap powers to the police. In two other states, Florida and California, the courts have invoked existing law and constitutional provisions to preclude all taps and to bar wire-tap evidence. The Florida District Court of Appeals declared in a 1959 case that it was "so deeply concerned with the potential dangers of wire tapping to our American way of life, to our sacred liberties and our democratic society, and to our concept of fair play," that it could not avoid declaring that police taps violated the Florida constitutional guarantees against self-incrimination and unreasonable searches and seizures. In New Jersey, the state Supreme Court in a 1956 case noted that a 1930 statute, which had rusted unused for twenty-six years and which forbade interception of telephone calls, remained the law of the state even for the police.

The same two patterns have been used in anti-microphoning laws. Maryland, Nevada, Massachusetts, and New York permit police recording of room, auto, or street conversations under court order. Illinois forbids it entirely. A California court gave new life to a 1940 anti-dictograph law and to the state's constitutional guarantee of privacy when it held in 1957 that a police chief could be enjoined from using taxpayers' money to purchase electronic eavesdropping equipment.

How well the court-order and total-ban laws have worked is, as might be imagined, a matter of debate—though private tapping has without question been pushed back from the high tide of the early 1950's. A good many of the nation's leading private tappers have been tried and convicted. John Broady, the top New York entrepreneur, is currently in prison on a two-to-four-year sentence and was disbarred as an attorney. Two other wire-tap cases have been prosecuted in New York, and similar action has taken place in Los Angeles, Portland, Chicago, and other cities. Along with this, the Department of Justice has begun enforcing Section 605 of the Federal Communications Act against private interceptors. Since 1954, there have been seven federal prosecutions (six convictions, James Hoffa acquitted) geographically scattered through

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New York, Ohio, Louisiana, Texas, New Mexico, and Oregon.

Not that private tappers have vanished entirely. In California, for example, under an excellent 1956 law which requires telephone companies to report annually any wire taps it finds on its lines, the General Telephone Company announced the discovery of twenty-eight taps in one year, and this was only one of several telephone systems in the state. Undoubtedly, private tapping continues in the major cities where marital cases, business and labor espionage, political competition, and criminal rivalries provide fat fees for those willing to take a chance. But the old, virtually open flaunting of private wire tapping (including ads in the yellow pages of the telephone directory offering "telephone monitoring services" and "electronic telephone monitoring" by private detectives) is passing away. Moreover, the former camaraderie between the police and private-eye wire tapping experts in many cities has been shattered by the new climate of public opinion. In California, the police used to hire private eavesdroppers to do official jobs in return for protecting the private eyes in their pursuits; this practice is no longer as common as it once was.

One alarming development at the state level as to private tapping and microphoning should be noted. In a badly reasoned recent case, the New Jersey Supreme Court upheld the right of a subscriber to have his own telephone tapped to protect his property. As a result of this case, involving a company which had been suffering thefts by employees, the long overdue indictment against wire-tap professional Bernard Spindel had to be dismissed, since Spindel usually eavesdrops in business and personal cases where the telephone subscriber or employer gives permission. How dangerous this reasoning is becomes clear when we consider it in the context of the growing tendency of business corporations to monitor the calls of their employees, place microphones in factory rest rooms to see who is loafing, and even to include concealed listening apparatus in the suites of executives so that top management can learn how proposals and people were regarded after the committee meeting broke up. Some unions have also succumbed to the temptation of omniscience, as in James Hoffa's employment of Spindel to wire his entire headquarters in Detroit. Department stores have been listening in on sales situations "to test their employees' courtesy," and automobile showrooms have been bugging their offices so that they can learn just how much the buyer is willing to pay when the salesman discreetly excuses himself and the husband and wife think they are alone in the room. It seems clear that the concept of property rights should not be inflated to give the owner of a business the right to violate the confidences of his employees or his customers in this way. Theft is the concern of the police, and what goes on in the washroom, the sales counter, or the vice president's office should not be made the legal property of intrusive owners.

THE situation as to law enforcement activities is more complex, varied, and controversial than private wire tapping. No law enforcement officers have yet been prosecuted under the total-ban statutes. The Department of Justice still declines to prosecute official wire tappers under Section 605, even when state officials make public disclosure of wire-tap records for publicity purposes and not in trials, as happened in Philadelphia in 1955. It is highly likely that the Chicago, Philadelphia, and Los Angeles police (all in total-ban jurisdictions) still tap when they feel it essential to a major case. According to informed sources in Chicago, in fact, the reason that the Chicago police never raised an outcry against the campaign to ban wire tapping was that they intended to go on tapping undercover in order to secure leads to admissible evidence. For all that, however, it is clear that official tapping has declined since the ban, and that the inability to use wire-tap evidence in court has considerably cut down the eagerness of police to "slap a tap on."

Since tapping under total-ban laws is undercover, the only data that can be gathered are illustrations of particular violations. In court-order states, more data is available since records of warrant applications are kept, wire-tap evidence is presented in court, and police are willing to talk a bit about their activities. New York, whose experience with court-order laws is longest, may serve as an example here. In 1954, 1,135 court orders were obtained by all the law enforce-

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ment agencies in the State of New York, with a population of almost 15 million. Of these, 691 came from New York City, where there were 3,750,000 telephones in use for a population of nearly 9 million. The New York City Police Department's taps covered 901 lines in 1953 (one warrant may cover more than a single telephone); the wire-tap surveillance produced 477 arrests, the great bulk of them in what were termed "morals" cases—mainly prostitution and gambling.

For the New York County District Attorney's Office, the yearly average between 1942 and 1954 had been 70 wire-taps, which amounted to about 3 wire-tap orders for each 1,000 criminal cases disposed of by the Office. The District Attorney's records show that in 1951, 20 investigations required wire tapping, 81 orders were secured from the courts, 57 arrests resulted, and 55 convictions were obtained. In the twelve-year period under discussion, two-thirds of all New York County District Attorney wire-tap investigations (a total of 336) fell into the categories of larceny and allied frauds, extortion and blackmail, organized gambling, and bribery and official corruption. As for the most serious crimes, there had been 17 homicide cases, 13 narcotics cases, and 12 robbery cases.

More recent figures, supplied to this writer by District Attorney Edward S. Silver, show that in Kings County (Brooklyn), 41 orders were obtained in 1959, 36 in 1958, 39 in 1957, 29 in 1956, and 58 in 1955, or a yearly average of 41 for the past five-year period. These were for the District Attorney's Office and did not cover police department wire-tap orders in Brooklyn.

If past experience is a guide, New York policemen will continue not to "bother" the courts for a warrant in every wire-tap instance, Nevada police will go on tapping and "bugging" in vice and fraud cases even though such cases are not covered by the court-order statute, and Boston police will continue their active wire tapping even if it occasionally violates the new court-order provisions. One reason for these activities is the belief of many police forces (not always unwarranted) that local judges may leak news of projected taps to local suspects, particularly in cases involving criminal-political tie-ups. However, under the new and tightly-drawn laws, prosecutions of police for such conduct have begun already. In New York, the disclosure in 1959 of unauthorized "personal" police tapping in Brooklyn resulted in the indictment of a Deputy Inspector and two plainclothesmen. The plainclothesmen pleaded guilty; the Inspector's trial ended in a hung jury, but he was suspended from the police force pending a departmental trial for his wire tapping activities. With courts being more circumspect in their granting of warrant applications in New York, with top police officials cracking down on the kind of "laissez faire tapping" that ambitious individual policemen and some graft-seeking officers did in the early 1950's, and with a public opinion no longer so tolerant of unauthorized taps, I would suggest that the New York system today is operating fairly close to the letter of the law.

One difficulty in evaluating both total-ban and court-order wire tapping systems is that the police, in order to side-step telephone tapping regulations, can switch to wholesale use of hidden microphones in hotel rooms, bars, bedrooms, brothels, and autos. After Maryland enacted a telephone tapping court-order act, it was disclosed that Baltimore police were switching to Miniphon recorders; the Baltimore City Council in 1954 and the State of Maryland in 1959 then passed an act requiring warrants for this kind of eavesdropping also. In New York as well, electronic eavesdropping was recently added to the techniques requiring a warrant, though the new law had to be softened because both Governors Harriman and Rockefeller vetoed stronger proposals.

On balance, I think much the same can be said for the developing impact of new wire tapping and microphoning laws upon state officials as was noted above about private eavesdroppers: the situation is much improved but far from resolved. Men sworn to uphold the law (even one they consider unwise) will generally obey *if* the community clearly demonstrates that it stands behind the law. Before 1953, as surveys unequivocally showed, community sentiment ran in favor of official taps at official discretion, not against them. Today, in the states which have enacted controls and in many others where legislation is under consideration, the trend of community sentiment is in the other direction. The most potent method of deal-

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ing with recalcitrant police officials is surveillance by special legislative committees (like the Forbes Committee in New Jersey, the Savarese Committee in New York, and the Regan Committee in California) which have been active since 1953 and which possess the necessary political power to take on law enforcement officials who disregard their legal limitations. Other states would do well to follow the example of New York in making these committees permanent or else develop a practice of having a subcommittee of the state's judiciary committees in the legislature police this area. Grand jury probes such as the 1959 Kings County investigation of illegal tapping by Brooklyn police are also essential to effective supervision. The basic point to recognize, it seems to me, is that there can be no such thing as a "self-executing" wire tapping statute, and little can be accomplished simply by raising the penalties for violation or spelling out in still greater detail a set of regulations for lawful tapping. The key to success is constant supervision and enforcement—by police superiors, district attorneys, bar associations, newspaper reporters, governors, civil liberties organizations, and other opinion-forming elites.

One further reform I would urge is that all eavesdropping powers be taken out of the hands of police departments and lodged entirely in the hands of the District Attorneys' offices in the states. The record of the District Attorneys' offices has been far superior to that of the police and this shift in jurisdiction would, by itself, decrease eavesdropping malpractice.

Another avenue for protection of privacy should be described. Common law and statutory remedies for persons who are the victims of eavesdroppers have begun to take solid form as a result of the new atmosphere of the 1950's. For example, the West Virginia Supreme Court held in 1958 that a woman could recover damages for the action of her landlord in installing a listening device in her apartment. The court brushed aside the landlord's defense that he did this to see whether the tenants were respectable, as well as his arguments that he did not repeat the overheard conversations to anyone and that the tenant could not show any special damages resulting from the eavesdropping. It was enough to make out a case for damages, the court held, simply that her "inviolate" right of privacy was invaded. "To hold otherwise under modern means of communication, hearing devices, photography and other technological advances," the opinion concluded, "would effectively deny valuable rights and freedoms to the individual." Many more states can be expected to reach a similar result under existing recognitions of an actionable right of privacy, and damage suits against business, union, or social eavesdroppers would provide a deterrent in that particularly sensitive area—the pocketbook. In addition, a number of the new state statutes create a private right of action for a victim against both police officers and private parties who eavesdrop illegally. In Pennsylvania, the person whose conversations are tapped is given a right to sue the wire tapper and any user of the recordings for "treble damages," which are set by law at a minimum of $100 plus attorney's fees. Illinois provides a comparable action against the eavesdropper, his employer or superior, and any landlord or building operator who co-operates in the enterprise. It is no defense under any of these statutes that the eavesdropper's property rights were involved or that police officials were in pursuit of criminal activity.

WHAT still remains to be done, however, is to clean up the Augean stables at the national level. Congress must drop its Hamlet-like indecisiveness and enact a tightly-guarded court-order system to control FBI wire tapping. This would not only be desirable in itself but would also free the Supreme Court from the embarrassment of trying to make coherent law out of an inept 1934 statute. At the same time, it would give the Department of Justice a chance to drop its present casuistic habit and play an honorable role once more as a law enforcement agency, including the supervision of state police activities where no state controls have been enacted.

Events also indicate that Congress must take electronic eavesdropping into account when it acts. The microphoning employed by Congressional committee investigators in the celebrated Goldfine episode is only one example of the widespread use of microphones, sound equipment, and radio transmitters by the FBI, military investigators,

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narcotics agents, Congressional investigators, and other federal officers. The best course would be for Congress to put the use of any sound equipment by federal officers under court-order safeguards. Where state and private electronic eavesdropping is concerned, the problem is more complicated. Simple eavesdropping by ear or by sound-amplifying device, when done by state officials or private persons, is probably beyond Congressional jurisdiction and should be. However, under its primary authority over radio waves, Congress could outlaw all private eavesdropping by radio transmitter and permit state police to use radio equipment only when a state statute expressly authorizes it under warrant safeguards. Such a law would get at the most common and the most efficient means of electronic eavesdropping now in use.

How much chance is there that Congress will take action along these lines—or any other lines? What with civil rights legislation currently pre-empting Senate attention and a presidential year to make consideration of tricky issues less attractive in Congress than usual, action may not be taken at this session. For the future, one distinct possibility is that Congress will be goaded into action by new Supreme Court rulings. The Court has already hinted in a 1957 case, *Benanti v. U. S.*, that state statutes authorizing wire tapping may not be valid in light of the language in the Federal Communications Act forbidding any "person" to intercept and divulge telephone communications. In February of this year, the United States Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit temporarily stayed the use of wire-tap evidence in a New York *state* trial of four persons charged with conspiring to blind a woman. In the opinion, Judge Harold Medina noted that the division between federal and state jurisdictions did not require the federal courts "to sit idly by and countenance or acquiesce in persistent and repeated violations of federal law." Following this ruling, Manhattan General Sessions Judge Irwin Davidson announced that he would refuse to issue any further wire-tap orders requested by District Attorney Frank Hogan's office. Judge Davidson said in a press conference that he agreed wire tapping was an effective tool for criminal detection, but that it was "an illegal tool" under federal court decisions and "Judges should not be parties to authorizing an . . . illegal action." It remains to be seen which way the Court of Appeals will rule on the merits of the defendants' motion to enjoin the use of wire-taps in state trials, but in all likelihood it is only a matter of time before a number of federal Courts of Appeals apply the *Benanti* language and hold state wire-tap authorization laws to be in conflict with Section 605. If this position is upheld by the Supreme Court—and I think it will be if Congress does not act in the meantime—it would produce the kind of pressure upon Congress which could not be resisted. Already, national associations of state law enforcement officers have called for Congressional action to legalize state systems for wire tapping, and the February Court of Appeals ruling prompted New York District Attorneys and police representatives to initiate a campaign for Congressional approval.

Even without a Supreme Court ruling to spring the trigger, a new administration might decide to clarify the existing situation. If the same groups which pushed wire-tap reform laws in the states were to unite behind a national campaign and were to agree to court-order provisions for federal law officers, such provisions could be enacted. The spearhead within Congress could well be the Senate Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights, which has held a series of revealing and useful hearings on wire tapping in the past two years, under the skillful direction of its chief counsel, Charles Slayman, Jr., and its chairman, Senator Thomas Hennings of Missouri.

ONE of the great issues of the American Revolution and one of the greatest achievements of American law was the security of the citizen from unreasonable search. But history and technology have a way of rendering obsolete what may have been a brilliant solution for the decade before last, and this is exactly what has taken place in the area of constitutional privacy. When a man's home was truly his castle, and eavesdropping meant only the ear at the open window or the peek through the transom, the old formula was meaningful. Now, what the Founding Fathers assumed to be *physically* immune—the private conversation within the castle—must be given new legal

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protection if it is not to be seized by marauding eavesdroppers at their will.

On a theoretical plane, there are two alternatives for those who believe that the security of conversation needs repair. One approach would be to disregard the distinction between written and oral expression, put aside the gravity of the suspected crime as a dividing line, and focus instead upon protecting the constitutional castle once again. Under this approach, any and all conversations within the home would be totally immune from private or police eavesdropping; conversations projected outside the home, whether by telephone, or in talks on the street or in public places, would be subject to police surveillance under appropriate warrant safeguards. Some would make the telephone lines a constitutionally or legislatively protected means of communication by itself. To those chilled by the vision of George Orwell's telescreen in the home, the sanctity of the fireplace and the bedroom outweighs the danger of hatching conspiracies in a mortgaged shelter, or of using the telephone as a weapon of crime.

The other alternative, and the one I find more persuasive, is to reaffirm the original intent of the Fourth Amendment. Not all searches and seizures were outlawed, we must recall, but only "unreasonable" ones. Reasonableness was insured by requiring officers to show a need to intrude because of concrete criminal activity and limiting the search to the smallest possible area under the circumstances. The police have always been empowered to read letters addressed to anyone and from anyone in files which are seized under warrant. Thus, it is not outside traditional justice for the conversations of those who communicate with a person reasonably suspected of criminal activity to be subject to a search—though the search must be limited in duration, in the number of officials permitted to examine overheard conversations, and in the use made of the disclosures. To accept the argument that conversations of innocent persons might be overheard as reason for immunizing all telephone or room conversations from authorized search is to create an island of absolute privacy which is at variance with the American tradition, not in keeping with it. And, not the least important argument for the court-order solution is that it has the best chance of adoption and successful enforcement, since the adjustment it makes between the very real needs of criminal investigation and the privacy of conversation is one which police officers could be brought to observe. Those who regard this reasoning as demeaning might do well to remember that if they press too far in taking important techniques from the police in a nation which has a very low tolerance for unresolved major crimes and a long record of approving strong police measures, the anti-eavesdropping tide might well turn and public opinion swing back to unsupervised use by law enforcers.*

Nations with every bit as much concern for civil liberties as ours do not deal with wire tapping by total bans. The national police in Great Britain and both federal and provincial police in Canada regularly employ eavesdropping. While there has been a wholesome protest lately about some uses of wire-tap evidence (as in the giving of transcripts to professional societies for disbarment proceedings), majority sentiment in these nations would appear to support proper governmental usage.

Whichever approach emerges from the current debate as the dominant public reaction, the most satisfying aspect of the wire tapping revolt of the 50's is the proof that Americans value their constitutional privacy too highly to let it ebb away before an advancing technology or the forays of official and unofficial intruders. This is a promising start to what must be the next step—a full-scale federal clean-up in the 1960's and extension of state control laws to fifty jurisdictions. When this is accomplished, the tools for protecting privacy in the electronic era will be at hand.

* It is important not to confuse arguments against wire tapping with arguments against police graft. No one familiar with wire tapping practices would deny that there are policemen who use wire-taps to get the proof with which to shake down bookmakers and prostitutes or to check to make sure that "co-operating" police are receiving their "fair share" of the payment for protected illegal activities. But this collusion would not change even if every wire tapper in America ceased tomorrow. It seems to me to make no more sense to use graft as an argument against all wire tapping than to say that police should be forbidden to follow suspects or should be barred from examining business records because some police have used the evidence so obtained for blackmail purposes.

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IN THE COMMUNITY

by MILTON HIMMELFARB

Swastikas

The pandemic of swastika and "Out with the Jews" scrawlings has abated by now, but the newspapers were full of it in the month or so after Christmas Eve. It started in Germany and spread to Western Europe, Great Britain, a few places behind the Iron Curtain, North America, South America, Africa, and Australia; in Tel Aviv a Jewish boy was caught in the act and sent to a psychiatrist. An inordinate number of persons and institutions issued pronouncements and a UN commission put the matter on its agenda. The State of Israel asked the various governments what was happening and what they intended to do, though most Jews were not keen about Israel seeming to act as their protectress.

So much suspicion, or at least reserve, was reawakened about Germany that Chancellor Adenauer, by a species of Communist reasoning, at first wanted to blame the Communists. The Communist detective's maxim has always been *is fecit cui prodest*—who stands to gain did the job, if not actually then "objectively"; and objectively the Russians profited greatly. Still the suspicion, or reserve, is justified. No one need worry about Adenauer, or Theodor Heuss, or Carlo Schmid, but that is not true of all those judges and permanent undersecretaries, or even a minister or two. And German schoolchildren are still taught nothing about the Third Reich. Then there is the Merten case.

On trial for war crimes, Maximilian Merten was described as "all-powerful after God" in Nazi-occupied Salonica. He extorted the last drachma from the Jewish community, with his own hand he killed two Jews, and he sent 54,000 of the 56,000 Salonica Jews to be murdered in Poland. He was arrested when he had the gall to return to Greece in 1957 to intercede for a friend, at ease in Germany and listed by the Greek authorities as a war criminal. A year ago a Greek court sentenced Merten to twenty-five years' imprisonment. He was released in November, arrested by the West German police when his plane landed, and again released two days later. The January-February issue of *Evidences,* the French bimonthly published in Paris by the American Jewish Committee, says that the Greeks let him go because former collaborationists pulled strings and, more importantly, because the German government exerted intense economic pressure — the *Evidences* writer calls it blackmail—on his behalf.

As for the other countries to which the swastikas and slogans spread, most people thought at the time that imitation had more to do with it than organization, and they seem to have been right. What was encouraging was that official and respectable opinion—governments, schools, churches, the press, civic organizations—unanimously abhorred and condemned. Even the neo-Nazis in Germany went through the motions of expelling two members who were caught. Of course they did not mean it, but thirty-five years ago the young men would have murdered, not daubed, and the Nazis would have banqueted instead of expelling them. The difference is all to the good.

But why was this a kind of youth movement? In Germany most of those who were caught had no personal memories of Hitler and his times, and in the other countries the young people had to read about him in history textbooks. And what did they have against the Jews? Most of the German offenders had never seen a Jew, and if in the desperate 30's the Jews made a good scapegoat everywhere, in 1959–60 there was no great need for one. It is not enough to say

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that the scribblings were a way of expressing malice or defiance against the respectable, like more conventional and less topical obscenities. The *Hakenkreuz,* after all, was the emblem of the death camps.

"Sticks and stones will break my bones/ But names will never hurt me," we used to chant when we were children. Yet when synagogues were bombed or threatened with bombing, in 1958, most Jews were calm. Their reasoning seemed to be that even if the psychopaths in this country were only one one-hundredth of one per cent, they would still come to 18,000—a large number but an insignificant ratio, and probably no real cause for fear. Though the same reasoning is beginning to be applied to the swastikas, a residue of doubt remains. Nor is it remarkable that a set of straight lines and right angles should be more frightening than bombs. For adults it is only yesterday that the children's jingle was proved wrong and that names—the Nazi ideology and propaganda—had consequences far worse than sticks and stones, or even a few bombs. It will be a long time before the swastika loses its association with the death camps and ceases to arouse, by its reminder of brutishness coupled with technology, loathing, revulsion, and dread.

A Vote to Table

Last November Nahum Goldmann, president of the World Zionist Organization, chairman of the Jewish Agency for Israel, president of the World Jewish Congress, president of the Conference on Jewish Material Claims Against Germany, untitled animator of the World Conference of Jewish Organizations, and until recently chairman of the Presidents' Club (now the Conference of Presidents), ran into trouble. The United Synagogue of America, the association of Conservative congregations, met in the Catskills and decided to table a proposal to affiliate with the World Zionist Organization. To table means to strangle rather than to behead.

It had not been easy for Dr. Goldmann to get the WZO to allow organizations like the United Synagogue to affiliate directly, and not through the country federations. The Zionist Organization of America was unhappy about being by-passed, and thus downgraded, and the Orthodox Mizrahi parties resisted to the end such recognition of a non-Orthodox group that presumed to call itself religious. (In December the Union of Orthodox Jewish Congregations threatened to withdraw from the Conference of Presidents if it became a "regular" organization, but it is said that the true objection was to a plan for naming as chairman the head of the Reform congregational association.)

Goldmann prevailed in the WZO because it needs all the strength and prestige it can get. The accession of the United Synagogue —or B'nai B'rith, which has also been mentioned—could be used to show that the Zionist movement is not the anachronism that the Israelis, especially, think it is, as well as to support the WZO's demand for designation by the Israeli authorities as the exclusive mediator between Israel and diaspora Jewry. Besides, Goldmann's hold on the WZO's presidency is slipping. He has to show new achievements. The agreement for German reparations is no longer recent and the old question is beginning to be asked, "What have you done for me lately?" His peculiar strength through weakness—his acceptability as head of a coalition precisely because he represents no strong faction within it and has no power base of his own—is not what it used to be. Prime Minister Ben Gurion is not enchanted with him, and it is said that Mr. Ben Gurion's Mapai party would like Abba Eban to have the post.

Dr. Goldmann may have thought that it would be easier to persuade the United Synagogue than the WZO. American Conservative Judaism has traditionally been more Zionist than Reform or Orthodoxy, more receptive to appeals in the name of the unity of the Jewish people, and not less eager to affiliate with assemblies, conferences, and councils. Yet he failed, though his arguments used rhetoric that the Conservative movement had found irresistible before.

As USUAL, the speeches gave the good reasons, pro and con, but not the real reasons. Mordecai Kaplan, arguing for affiliation, repeated what he has said insistently for many years—that the great danger to continued Jewish existence lies in the ambiguity and weakness of the modern Jews' identifi-

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cation with his tradition and his people, and that there are two ways to meet the danger: to create an organization that will represent the Jewish entity, and to enter formally into a covenant, as in the days of Ezra. (At a convention of the Conservative rabbinate some years ago, he said that just as no one can be a soldier without an army, so no one can be a Jew without an organized Jewish people; American Jews are not soldiers but veterans.) The argument against affiliation was that the Conservative movement, if it joined the WZO, would confuse the sacred with the profane, and indeed subordinate the sacred to the profane.

What the speeches did not reveal, and what some of the speakers may not have divined, was the calculus of institutional interest. Left to themselves, the unsophisticated laity would probably have voted for affiliation, but they were not left to themselves. The Seminary and the rabbinate, or some influential rabbis, were against it. They are hardly less pro-Israel than before, they merely doubt that affiliation with the WZO is necessary for helping Israel. Actually, some of them think that their movement can do more for Israel as a technically non-Zionist than as an officially Zionist body.

Most of the Conservative rabbis like Mordecai Kaplan and all of them like what he wants, but not all who agree with his end agree with his means. As to Goldmann, why bestir themselves for him and his organization, especially at the expense of their own status and their own institutions? They are more and more confident that the future is with what they represent, not Goldmann. So the Seminary and the rabbinate arranged for the polite resolution to table.

Dr. Goldmann was furious. After the convention he made speeches about the pretensions of the synagogue and about the basically Christian and assimilationist character of the idea that the synagogue dominates or should dominate Jewish life. By saying harsh things about the synagogue rather than about the rabbis, he played into his adversaries' hands. The irony is that whatever the motives and the probable secularism of Goldmann and people like him —for example, Emanuel Neumann, president of the World Confederation of General Zionists, who has been making similar speeches—they are basically right. By a semantic sleight of hand the American rabbinate, Orthodox and Reform as well as Conservative, is trying to popularize the equation: Judaism = the synagogue = The Synagogue; and they do not object if others add The Synagogue = the rabbinate. This sort of thing has historically been more Christian than Jewish, as one can see by substituting Christian for Jewish terms in the equations. But whether it is inspired by Christian example or by American specialization and division of labor—which when applied to Jewish matters means that most Jews are perfectly willing to give the rabbis sole responsibility for Judaism—does not matter. If a generation ago the American rabbi who wanted to make his mark was likely to try to be a Zionist leader, today he is more likely to try to be a spokesman for The Synagogue. The development is natural and probably healthy, but one can understand Dr. Goldmann's bitterness.

Scholarship

Jewish scholarship does not get the support it needs, because it is unimportant for most American Jews. Someone once told me how he convinced the three powers in his local federation to double its allotment for the Seminary. He intercepted them in the country club one Saturday afternoon, between their showers and their gin rummy, and asked what would happen if Father Coughlin went on the air again to broadcast that the Talmud instructed the Jews in all kinds of dishonesty and immorality. They agreed with him that they could not answer the charge. Then experts were needed to prove that Coughlin was wrong, he argued. They agreed. The greatest Talmud experts in the world were at the Seminary, he concluded, and it was only elementary prudence to maintain the Seminary as a defense force in reserve. They agreed again, and the Seminary got more money from his federation. Other scholarly institutions have not been so lucky in their advocates.

In 1957 the Council of Jewish Federations and Welfare Funds finally decided to survey the field in a National Jewish Cultural Study (a misnomer, because the surveyors soon decided to concentrate on scholarship). CJFWF gave as its reason a kind

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of communal guilty conscience, and that no doubt entered into it. Other reasons were at least as compelling. With the rise of the American form of the welfare state, the growth of health and hospital insurance, and the rapid decrease among Jewish immigrants and poor, contributors to Jewish federations may be losing their enthusiasm for the traditional relief and healing philanthropies; the contributors' loyalty might be kept by Jewish culture, because unlike hospitals or family agencies, it cannot hope for government or community-chest money. Some federation people are simply tired of being pestered by representatives of many cultural agencies, to each of which a token contribution has to be given. They would just as soon hand over the sum of those tokens—but no more—to one institution and let it worry about distribution. And finally, there are the zealots for centralization, who do not see why they should withhold its blessings from culture. The result was that a committee of thirty-three community people, assisted by an advisory committee of thirty-three experts, looked into the state of Jewish scholarship and research, archives, and publication in this country. While the scholarly activities of the seminaries were taken into account, the seminaries themselves were regarded as primarily institutions for training rabbis, not cultural agencies. Examples of those that were so regarded are the American Jewish Historical Society and the Jewish Publication Society.

Toward the end of 1959 the committee submitted a report and recommendations, which CJFWF accepted. The report found much to admire in achievement, and much to lament in the starvation and neglect that scholarship has suffered at the hands of the Jewish community. It also saw great opportunities for the future, given the proper support and organization. The two major recommendations were for a foundation, to raise and distribute funds, and for a council of Jewish cultural agencies, to foster cooperation, to coordinate, and to submit recommendations to the foundation.

The foundation is a good idea. With luck and good management, it ought to be able to get substantially more money for Jewish scholarship, and that will help. But the council is another matter. Coordination and cooperation do not require that kind of machinery; a lunch meeting of six or eight people every other month will do. Creating a council puts the emphasis on agencies and their vested interests rather than on scholarship and scholars. It suggests the kind of group-project thinking that American foundations generally are rightly criticized for, and it suggests also a greater passion for community organization, according to the centralizing notion of what the Jewish community should be like, than for scholarship.

One of the scholarly bodies that the foundation may be able to help is the American Academy for Jewish Research. Its 1959 *Proceedings,* which appeared not long ago, are based mostly on papers read at its meeting in December 1958.

Looking through the *Proceedings,* I remembered something. The night before that AAJR meeting I went to a party. Most of the people there were college English teachers, in New York for a convention of the Modern Language Association, and nearly all seemed to be Jews. I mentioned to one of them that I was going to be at the AAJR the next day. He looked a little surprised and asked, "Don't you find that rather parochial?"

The talk that night was of Melville and James.

The six AAJR papers I heard on the following day spanned the time between Hammurabi and Stalin; the countries were India, Mesopotamia, Israel, Egypt, Spain, Germany, Lithuania, and Russia; the primary languages were Hebrew, Aramaic, Akkadian, Arabic, Greek, Yiddish, Lithuanian, and Russian; the secondary and ancillary languages included Latin, Dutch, German, Persian, and the Romance languages.

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Pro Paul Goodman

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . Paul Goodman's article [February] is just extraordinary, a fitting step after what remains the best book on utopian thinking, his and his brother Percival Goodman's *Communitas*. I have been thinking along somewhat similar lines in recent years concerning the nature of work in our society and what a revolution it would mean—political, economic, social—if our society were to be organized not simply to provide good jobs, but to provide the kind of meaningful work, at once useful, demanding, and developing, that Paul Goodman envisages. . . .

Two minor criticisms. Paul Goodman seems to me somewhat romantic about the sex life of young delinquents; though he half recognizes this, much of what seems to him a biological urge is actually channeled into what the Spanish call "machismo" and is hardly an "adventure."

And I think Mr. Goodman's crack at the city planners is unfair. . . . Aren't they just like the schoolteachers for whom Paul Goodman has a wonderfully true sympathy: that is, they become resigned because they face real needs and have no power? Given their setting, they are rarely corrupt and seldom cynical. In my own perhaps too favored experience, more professional city planners have read *Communitas* than the members of any other professional group. Perhaps Mr. Goodman wants to feel even more isolated than in fact he is, but if not, the city planners need his vision rather than his contempt. . . .

DAVID RIESMAN
Henry Ford II Prof. of the Social Sciences
Harvard University

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . I can't think of a more invigorating event at the beginning of this decade than the appearance of what we shall probably be calling soon "the new COMMENTARY." And I can think of no better way to signal the best intentions than to open that issue with Paul Goodman's "Youth in the Organized Society."

Neither a tribune nor a cultural marauder, Mr. Goodman seems to be simply a learned man who sees some terrible difficulties we are in, may not see as clearly what means we have to mend them, but nevertheless wants them worked on. His prose is not "sophisticated," not "knowing," nor is it sullen. He seems incapable of posturing, and fools neither the reader nor himself about what can be reliably known about the obvious—but never so plainly put—difficulties of which he speaks. It is an altogether amazing grace that he can ask hard questions without dutiful solemnity or edifying fatigue, indeed with positive verve. He has energy for the work to be done, if we have the time to do it.

It is a question itself why it has taken this long (it *must* be more than a decade) for a learned writer to speak about these simplicities: the way it is possible now for young people to make livings; the poisonous vacuities of public officials and social workers; the compliance of the very best intellectual people in the sorriest sort of boondoggling, much of it tricked out to look like intellectual labor and useful at that. (Only David Riesman and Jacques Barzun have been at all on the same lines as Goodman.) How naive of him to listen to and actually consider as influential (i.e., worth weighing and subjecting to criticism) what the most powerful state governor in the nation is saying to people!

Most objections to Mr. Goodman's observations will be beside any possible point, of course. He has run no master studies; he employs feeling language; he is short on ready solutions. All that he knows is what the sharpest young people know today, and speak of among themselves.

ERIK WENSBERG
Editor

The Columbia Forum
New York City

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To the Editor of Commentary:

This is merely a word of deep thanks for Paul Goodman's article on youth in the organized society. The current programs to combat juvenile delinquency are pathetically superficial. Of course I would add, among the desiderata, some attention to be paid to producing happier marriages and therefore happier, better adjusted families; but the numerous points Goodman mentions are so basic that it's hard to see how intelligent writers can continually close their eyes to them.

Paul Popenoe
President
The American Institute of Family Relations
Los Angeles, California

To the Editor of Commentary:

I want to commend you for publishing Paul Goodman's excellent article. His way of looking at contemporary realities as they affect youth and the conclusions he draws are provocative enough to give us all quite a new perspective.

It might be well to point out that our society is so far from offering its youth the "manly opportunities to work" Mr. Goodman advocates that young people in the near future will be very lucky if they find any jobs at all. They already have the highest rate of unemployment of any age group, twice the national average. The 900,000 a year who drop out of school before graduation and many others cannot meet increasing employer demands for skills, experience, and more education and training. . . .

There seems to be little question but that automation will further decrease job opportunities. . . . The effects of automation on youth are predicted by such specialists as Ewan Clague and Walter Reuther in a special issue of our quarterly magazine, *The American Child*. Any of your readers who desire to do so may write the National Committee on Employment of Youth, Department C, Box 55, New York 16, for a free copy of "Automation and Youth."

Lila Rosenblum
National Committee on Employment
of Youth
New York City

To the Editor of Commentary:

. . . You have made with Paul Goodman's articles [February and March] the strongest and soundest statement concerning what will be the chief issue, I think, of the new decade. . . .

Stephen Zoll
New York City

To the Editor of Commentary:

. . . I don't like Commentary's new cover but I do like the idea of experimenting with a new cover which undoubtedly will lead to improvement. I am tempted to say the same about Paul Goodman's article. Glancing at it, I liked it; reading it carefully, I still think that it contains some excellent ideas, some truths simply and relevantly put. It is also marred by quite a number of misapprehensions and superstitious beliefs. It was surely worth publishing. The trouble is that unexceptionable articles seldom contain anything exceptional or new. So I'm with you in preferring what is alive and imperfect. Incidentally, I found Alfred Kazin's article on Puerto Rico wholly admirable.

Ernest van den Haag
New York City

To the Editor of Commentary:

Occasionally you publish an article that is worth the price of the year's subscription; then all the rest is bonus. Paul Goodman's stinging whiplash was one such article. Prepare to hear bellows of pain.

Walter Trasin
Pomona, California

. . . And Con

To the Editor of Commentary:

As an educator I take exception to Paul Goodman's sweeping indictments of American teachers and teaching. To people who verbalize easily and then make *their* living by vilifying those around them, I always feel impelled to ask a familiar rhyme from a journalism class: Who, what, when, where, why, and how?

What does Mr. Goodman define as impossible overcrowding (I don't deny overcrowding)? For the schools on triple session I believe there are 1, 5, 10, 100 (?) on single session. To be *really* honest (which Mr. Goodman is not) he would have to define and locate IMPOSSIBLE overcrowding.

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(Public schools rarely go over 40; parochial schools may have 90 per room!)

I would like an enumeration of the spurious aims he talks of so glibly. I do not deny the presence of some superficial teachers, the lack of insight that may be present, but does he really expect any phase of human endeavor to be much more different?

I deny emphatically that in the area I work in (Mr. Goodman's may be different) our aims are to relieve the home, to keep the kids quiet, to produce physicists. True, we try to "keep them quiet" but this is one aim in a line of many aims! Surely the author will agree with me that learning is suspended when hands and body and eyes and mind are occupied elsewhere?

Why TIMID supervisors? How about the aggressive ones? . . . I could go on through the whole section on education which shows lack of honesty, taste, and real thought. It shows a willingness to reach for the fast buck by use of a facile tongue, in collaboration with a keen nose to scent the lay of the land.

I am curious as to a solution of the sex problem. How does he handle emotional release? How about a 250-word definition of "mis-educating"?

There is the creative individual who uses exaggeration to emphasize his message. Generally they confine themselves to the more sensuous of the arts—sound and color. Cartooning with words is not a completely unknown form—but I believe that Mr. Goodman wrote all this "for real"!

FRANCES W. JORDAN

Los Angeles, California

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I read with great interest the article by Paul Goodman. To be sure there is much to be desired in our culture, but I think Mr. Goodman's criticism would have been more valid if he did not use delinquency as an example. Specific knowledge is required to understand so complex a subject as delinquency. Those directly concerned with it or its prevention are well aware of the fact that it existed even when there were "manly jobs" available. Since delinquency is a behavior and personality syndrome, with multiple causes, the remedies are also multiple.

As a social worker I must take exception to Mr. Goodman's remark that "conditions that produce delinquency cannot be remedied by gimmicks or social work." Social workers who have worked in the areas of crime, its prevention, and child welfare, have too much firsthand knowledge to say that social work is the sole answer. However, we do know from experience that one of the answers is more social work and not less.

"Youth Opportunity Centers" will be helpful to a certain number of the delinquent children, but many of them will not be helped without an intensive social work program in conjunction with the camps.

It is a known fact that the delinquency rate is extremely low among Jews. There are many factors responsible for this, i.e., structure of Jewish family life, high ethical standards, etc., but there is also the fact that the Jewish community provided highly developed social work programs over many years, to work out problems of Jewish youngsters in relation to whatever society they live in.

Delinquency is easy relatively to measure; prevention difficult. When one provides a foster home for a child and also provides a variety of services—case work, psychiatry, recreation, vocational guidance, etc.—and at the same time makes efforts to rehabilitate the broken home, one is preventing delinquency.

Regardless of any changes in our environment there will always be those families and children who will require individual help.

(Mrs.) ADA SLAWSON

New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

There is a sentence in Paul Goodman's article in your February number, which I would like to call into question. Mr. Goodman writes: "A boy has a few great sexual adventures, but then he has had the bad luck to get caught and get in trouble." May I ask (1) what the meaning of the word "great" is in this sentence, and (2) on what evidence—or hunch—Mr. Goodman bases his meaning?

Lacking a fuller explanation, one cannot help suspecting that a very old-fashioned form of literary piety has insinuated itself here, namely, the notion that any group or class or race which is disadvantaged socially, politically, and economically yet retains some mysterious and exemplary control over its sexual powers. At various times the work-

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ing class, the Jews, and the Negro have served as vehicles for this notion; lately Norman Mailer has narrowed it to the hipster, and Mr. Goodman now follows up with juvenile delinquents or future candidates for delinquency. Of course he may be right, but he owes us a few facts. In short, is this word "great" derived from the observation of actual experience or is it only another example of literary romance?

HILTON KRAMER

New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Politicians, sociologists, social workers—step aside! "You're all wet," so says Mr. Goodman in his fantastic role of panacea-giver. "All you have to do, my friends, to cure juvenile delinquency, is to find 'manly work' for these misfits. All else is nonsense."

As I read the article, I saw the cracked skull of the UN diplomat, assaulted in Central Park; I saw the baffled, humiliated expression of the nurse raped in a Brooklyn subway after her humdrum tour of duty in her hospital. (According to Mr. Goodman's thesis, this was hardly manly work, and she should have gone JD instead, and saved herself a nasty beating.) I saw the tragic sorrow of an East Side community when a gentle, humble little restaurant owner was murdered by one of the objects of Mr. Goodman's solicitude who *only* "ask for many opportunities to work." Mr. Goodman's thesis that anyone is stopping them from finding work is too funny to be disputed.

What about the little storekeeper working sixteen hours a day, seven days a week for the doubtful privilege of being in business for himself? Is he doing manly work, and if not, shall he not go berserk and take his frustrations out on society? What about the millions of workers in government offices who spend their days filling out forms and clipping papers together (many of them college graduates)? Are they doing "manly work"? And if not, ought they not go JD? In short, Mr. Goodman is more absurd than the public officials he criticizes and the social workers he scoffs at.

DAVID ANTMAN

Forest Hills
New York

The Elite Colleges

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

May I compliment you on the excellence of Lawrence Bloomgarden's article, "Our Changing Elite Colleges" (February). I wish to correct an impression by Mr. Bloomgarden's report that ". . . the clear statement of policy made by M.I.T.—'there are no quotas of any kind either by secondary schools, geographical location, national origin, race, creed or color'—is still the only one of its kind among the elite colleges." For many years the General Information catalog of Cornell has carried the statement: "Cornell University welcomes applications for admission from all those who are interested in studying at Cornell regardless of race, religion, creed, or nationality. Selection of students is not governed in any way by those factors."

HERBERT H. WILLIAMS
Director of Admissions

Cornell University
Ithaca
New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Mr. Bloomgarden's article is a pointed one. . . . However . . . I do share some of the concern of Michael Young "that educational segregation of the gifted is no more defensible than racial segregation." Although I do not agree that it is "no more defensible," I believe that there are some real dangers in too much segregation of our college population in any such exclusive terms.

Furthermore, the article contains one misstatement of fact. Mr. Bloomgarden stated, "Many state universities, indeed, are required to accept every applicant within the state who has a high school diploma." At the present time this generalization would hold for very few state universities. Moreover, contrary to the prediction cited from Dean de Vane, my own opinion is that the most spectacular improvements in recent years in academic standards and accomplishments have taken place in our leading state universities. . . . True, they are less selective in their admissions and the average level of ability of their students is correspondingly lower, but their best students are as good as those anywhere, and certainly

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the heterogeneity of their student bodies is not without its advantages.

LOGAN WILSON
President

University of Texas
Austin, Texas

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Lawrence Bloomgarden has made an error which I would like to correct. He refers to the "Seven Sister Colleges" as being Barnard, Mount Holyoke, Pembroke, Radcliffe, Smith, Vassar, and Wellesley. Unfortunately, he has excluded Bryn Mawr College from this list—the school which is considered by many educational experts and polls to be the leading academic woman's college in the country today.

JANICE RICHMAN

Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Labor Unions and the Negro

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

There is a need for an accurate balance sheet of labor's contributions to the Negroes' struggle for equal opportunity and labor's shortcomings with respect to that struggle. But Mr. Herbert Hill in his article (December 1959) has presented a distorted image.

Hill charges that "in 1889 the AFL admitted the International Association of Machinists, then a rigid 'lily-white' organization," but the fact is the Machinists were admitted in 1895, not 1899, and only after six years of extremely bitter struggle over the "lily-white" clause. Finally, in 1895, the clause was removed and the union admitted.

Hill's article suggests that Gompers had advocated separate locals for Negro workers because of his own racial prejudice. A more careful reading of history will show, rather, that he was moved by the desire to organize Negro workers into the labor movement. Gompers saw the formation of federal locals of Negroes as a means of preventing race conflicts—which arose both from the use of Negroes as strike breakers and from discrimination against them by local unions. This may not have been the best solution, but it was not the act of a racist.

Moreover, Hill conveys the impression that most AFL international unions excluded Negroes until the New Deal era; he says that as late as 1944 twenty-two international unions in the AFL "barred Negroes from membership by constitutional provision." There is no study of the constitutional exclusion of Negroes by AFL international unions in 1944; however, in 1945 the number was six, not twenty-two. Earlier studies show the following pattern of exclusion: In 1910 nine international unions out of sixty; in 1919 and 1930 ten out of 110.

Attempting to demonstrate the degree to which Negroes were unwelcome in the AFL, Hill says: "As late as 1933, the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, with 35,000 members, had nearly half the total number of Negro members in the AFL." The figure of 35,000 sleeping car porters is, of course, an error. Presumably the more accurate figure of 3,500 was intended.

Recognizing that under William Green the AFL struck a more positive note, Hill then suggests that it was only a pose. Yet Green brought the AFL to support FEPC and other community and governmental efforts for equal rights. Green filled a void—the lack of awareness by labor of its having any responsibility in the field of racial equality—with strong positive stands taken by himself and other leaders including those of the CIO.

No reference to these positions is made by Hill. He states that the 1949 AFL convention endorsed FEPC only after deleting the words "and labor unions" from a motion calling for the elimination of discrimination in industry and labor unions. . . . However, the 1949 convention adopted unchanged a resolution supporting FEPC—introduced by A. Philip Randolph—which reads: "Previous conventions of the AFL have gone on record in support of legislation for FEPC to eliminate discrimination . . . in industry, government and *labor unions*. . . ."

How can Hill ignore the extensive treatment of civil rights by AFL conventions? To take one example: The 1944 convention referred to above unanimously called for the enactment of a federal anti-lynching law; commended the United States Supreme Court for outlawing the white primaries and called on the Department of Justice to enforce this decision; called for the elimination of discrimination in the Armed Forces; adopted a resolution for fair employment practices legislation; and, finally, com-

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mended William Green for seeing to it that the Memphis, Tennessee, labor movement, white and Negro, defeated the attempts of the racist city administration to stop A. Philip Randolph from speaking in that community.

At three different points Hill asserts or implies that unions have played a key role in establishing the discriminatory pattern which characterized American industry in the days before World War II. Such patterns were set by employers prior to unionization, and as a rule, the unions have not challenged them. But where the unions have sought to bring about changes, it was invariably to break down discrimination, not to introduce it. Even in the South, six out of seven industrial locals which include white and Negro workers are integrated.

The differing roles of unions and employers in setting discriminatory patterns can be seen from the report of the first twelve years of operation of the New York State Commission Against Discrimination. The report showed that unions were the guilty party in 17 per cent of employment discrimination complaints, as compared with 83 per cent for employers and employment agencies. It is important to remember that until the New Deal no more than 25 per cent of the (relatively highly organized) building trades workers were unionized, so that unions could hardly have determined the discriminatory practices which characterized that industry.

"The AFL convention in San Francisco this past September," says Hill, "differed little from the pattern of AFL conventions under Gompers and Green." This generalization is buttressed by a number of distorted assertions. For example: "Proposals to compel the railroad brotherhoods and other unions to end discrimination in the near future were rejected by the convention of 1959." Yet the convention of 1959 adopted the following resolution:

"This resolution is concerned with the elimination of the color bar in the constitutions of two International unions, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen, and the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen. . . . We take note of the fact that the two railway unions concerned have failed to carry out their pledge to the AFL–CIO Executive Council, made by them at the time of their admission, to comply with the civil rights policy of the AFL–CIO. We authorize and request the AFL–CIO Executive Council to work with these organizations to obtain, at the earliest possible date, compliance . . . with the civil rights requirements of the AFL–CIO constitution."

Hill's article also speaks of such unions as the Airline Pilots Association, "which still excludes Negroes by constitutional provision. . . ." In fact, however, the Airline Pilots eliminated their lily-white clause over a decade ago, and currently have Negro members. With reference to the building trades, Hill writes: "With but two exceptions, no significant departure from the national pattern of racial exclusion has occurred in the building trade unions since the end of the Second World War." Nobody knows precisely how many locals in the building trades have abandoned racial exclusion since World War II; this writer knows of at least half a dozen besides the "exceptions" mentioned by Hill—locals in California, Michigan, Oregon, Texas and South Carolina.

At two points in the article, the impression is conveyed that the pulp and paper mill industry, and the former AFL and former CIO unions representing the workers, pursue a completely segregationist and discriminatory policy. Segregation does characterize much of this industry, but not outside the South. Moreover, this writer knows of at least two integrated, predominantly white locals with Negro presidents—one of them in Richmond, Virginia.

On the national level, the trade union organizations have moved further toward elimination of segregation and discrimination than any other mass membership organization—religious, business, or civic. In the last decade the trade union movement has shared with Negro and Jewish organizations the main burden of the civil rights fight. In the recently successful campaigns for FEPC in Ohio and California, the trade union movement was the largest source of both financial and community support.

The persistence of discrimination and segregation within certain unions is a matter of serious concern. It is a problem worthy of study, analysis, and of a series of proposals to speed its elimination. Above all, it

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requires vigorous and intensive effort and, particularly in the South, ingenuity. But this effort is hampered by articles which distort the facts and conclude with calls for special legislation aimed at the trade union movement. Such calls will serve the opponents of organized labor, but contribute nothing to the cause of minority rights.

EMANUEL MURAVCHIK
Director
Anti-discrimination Department
Jewish Labor Committee

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

It was something of a shock to read the sweeping charges made by Mr. Hill that the AFL–CIO "has failed to eliminate even the most obvious instances of racism within affiliated unions" and that "organized labor seems incapable of overcoming its habitual discriminatory practices." Certainly, labor has far to go before equality is the order of the day in all unions. But it is questionable whether any other social institution—including the church, business, and political parties—has done as much. Hill credits the early CIO with broadening employment opportunities for Negroes, but charges that since the AFL–CIO merger, racism has continued undisturbed. The facts are otherwise.

The AFL–CIO merger convention in 1955 unanimously adopted a resolution for "equal rights for all, regardless of race, color, creed or national origin." A Civil Rights Committee was set up to implement this policy. AFL–CIO unions were urged to include anti-discrimination clauses in their collective bargaining agreements. Two Negro union presidents, A. Philip Randolph and William E. Townsend of the United Transport Service Employees, were elected AFL–CIO vice presidents. At a NAACP convention in July 1959, Randolph himself summarized the progress made by Negro workers.

In the controversy at the AFL–CIO San Francisco convention last fall, George Meany noted that the AFL–CIO had remained firm against discrimination, even after he had received 4,000 letters from Southern unions and union members, angered by labor's support of the Supreme Court school desegregation decisions. On the other hand, Meany argued against drastic ultimatums—with time limits—to unions which still practiced discrimination, and his belief in moral suasion was vindicated in January 1960, when the convention of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen voted to remove the long-standing color-bar in its constitution.

To be sure, many locals, particularly in the building trades, still employ the restrictive practices cited by Hill. Nevertheless, other locals of these same internationals are often integrated: an Urban League census of Negro building trade workers in Cleveland in 1959 counted 57 bricklayers, 80 painters, 6 electricians, 40 plasterers, and 9 plumbers. (It was charged, however, that an under-the-table agreement restricted the Negro workers to Negro neighborhoods.)

But not only white unionists keep some locals segregated. The American Federation of Musicians, for example, has forty-odd Negro locals, many of which have resisted merger efforts by the parent union. Officials of such locals are concerned about their fate in merged unions where the white membership is much larger; members are worried about representation at conventions.

In the South, of course, many workers share the prejudices of their communities. Moreover the use of race-hate materials has become a common—and frequently successful—management practice. But even in the South, there is often a generous fund of good will and desire to support the AFL–CIO's equalitarian ideals. In Tennessee, one of Jim Carey's IUE locals won a nondiscrimination clause in its new contract and later beat off a decertification attempt. In Rome, Georgia, a United Auto Workers local elected a Negro as chairman of a predominantly white bargaining committee. State Council conventions in Tennessee, Virginia, and Texas adopted resolutions supporting the Supreme Court decision and opposing plans to create so-called "private" school systems. White and Negro teachers sat in the same hall in Houston, Texas, to organize a new (and fast-growing) local of the American Federation of Teachers.

The overwhelming majority of both white and Negro union members, however, live in the North and West. Though problems of discrimination still loom large, there are many signs of progress. At its 1958 convention, for example, the National Postal Transport Association, by better than a

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two-thirds vote, amended its constitution to admit Negroes.

Despite all this, Negro union leaders and civil rights organizations insist that labor's progress is still inadequate, and the AFL–CIO executive council agrees. But the council lacks punitive power to remove discriminatory practices. It can only recommend expulsion, which it is understandably reluctant to do. Expulsion does not end discrimination; it only removes the discriminatory union from the house of labor. Persuasion, unfortunately, takes time, especially when deep-rooted customs are involved.

Various union, Negro, and civil rights groups are urging a more comprehensive program to deal with bias in local unions. Such a program should include:

1. Regular surveys of all unions ascertaining the state of their civil rights practices;
2. Power to bring about full compliance with the AFL–CIO's anti-discrimination policies;
3. Cooperation with intergroup relations agencies to smooth the transition from segregated to integrated locals;
4. Coordination of the scattered civil rights activities of international unions, state and city councils, and locals and intergroup relations organizations;
5. Full involvement of union educational directors and editors in these activities, insuring greater emphasis on civil rights in the union's education and publication programs.

Above all, labor must place civil rights—in the shop and in the nation—higher on its action agenda. It must be a passion, not a part-time activity.

HARRY FLEISCHMAN
Director

National Labor Service
American Jewish Committee

MR. HILL *writes:*

In his zeal to defend the AFL–CIO, Mr. Muravchik is, unfortunately in my opinion, compelled to be rather disingenuous.

With regard to the facts: The color bar was not removed from the official ritual of the International Association of Machinists until 1948 (see the proceedings of the 1948 Convention, pp. 367–368 — Wednesday morning session, September 22). Not only the IAM, but other unions that barred Negroes, such as the Boilermakers and the Iron Shipbuilders, were admitted into the AFL before the turn of the century. By 1900, the AFL had developed a fixed pattern of either total exclusion of Negroes or, in those few instances where colored workers were admitted, segregated locals with federal charters.

Mr. Muravchik says that, where unions sought to bring about changes, "they did so almost invariably to break down discrimination, not to introduce it." He thus chooses to forget a number of scandalous cases, such as that of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers at the Bauer Electric Company in Hartford, Connecticut. Upon becoming the bargaining agent, this union immediately demanded that all Negro electricians be dismissed from their jobs; the jobs of the skilled Negro workers were saved only by a decision of the Connecticut Supreme Court.

Mr. Fleischman, as well as Mr. Muravchik, appears to have missed my essential point—the profound disparity between the public relations image presented by organized labor in Washington and the day-to-day realities as experienced by many Negro workers in the North as well as in the South. I did not deny that many international unions have good records on race relations—indeed, my article singled out the auto, rubber, oil, and packinghouse unions. Nor am I particularly concerned with comparisons between labor's record and that of other social institutions. The simple fact is that, for the Negro worker in vital areas of the economy, trade unions often mean denial of employment, segregated locals, or separate racial seniority lines in union contracts. . . . The fact that many unions do not discriminate does not exonerate the many which do.

My correspondents would do well if they ceased apologizing for racists within the AFL–CIO, and instead joined with Negro workers and with the NAACP in attacking directly the broad pattern of racial discrimination. In the long run, such an attack will undoubtedly prove to be in the best interests of organized labor, as well as those of colored wage earners throughout the United States.

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Last of the Whigs

THE CONSTITUTION OF LIBERTY. By F. A. HAYEK. University of Chicago Press. 570 pp. $7.50.

Reviewed by IRVING KRISTOL

IT IS generally forgotten that Edmund Burke and Adam Smith were both Whigs. In our textbooks of political theory, they are segregated from, and opposed to, one another: the romantic exponent of tradition, authority, and the organic community, as against the individualist liberal who believed in *laisser-faire*. The antithesis is anachronistic: it reflects the later dissolution of Whiggery into "conservative" and "liberal" ideologies. In their own day, despite their markedly different casts of mind, Burke and Smith were united in affirming the two major propositions of the original Whig synthesis: (1) liberty is the most precious of political goods, and (2) civilization is the result of human action but not of human design. Burke never called himself a "conservative," and Smith never used the phrase *laisser-faire*.

Professor Friederich Hayek, who is usually thought of as a conservative and *laisser-fairist*, can be more accurately regarded (and clearly defines himself) as the last surviving Whig. As is generally the case, the last of the line is not its most perfect or most vigorous representative. Professor Hayek's Whiggery has too much the shrillness of doctrine, too little the calm assuredness of a living faith. In political theory, it is much easier to be right than to be relevant; and the greatest temptation for the critic is to rest in self-righteousness. This temptation Professor Hayek is not immune to; he too often gives the impression that he considers reality to be one immense deviation from true doctrine. Nevertheless, *The Constitution of Liberty* is a book that is noble in its proportions, often profound in its insight, learned in its commentary, and usefully provocative in its argument.

Professor Hayek may be doctrinaire, but he is not a dogmatist. The particular charm of this volume is not that he attempts to answer the objections of his critics (he doesn't, really), but that he takes it upon himself to state the limitations inherent in his own position. It is, intellectually, that rare thing: a modest book. Unlike certain other thinkers, Professor Hayek does not claim that a reliance on free enterprise will deliver unto us all the goods of this world and the next. He does not assert that, if we all submit ourselves to the rigors of a free market economy, we shall in the end get our just desserts. Indeed he specifically denies it:

> "There is perhaps no more poignant grief than that arising from a sense of how useful one might have been to one's fellow men and of one's gifts having been wasted. That in a free society nobody has a claim to an opportunity to use his special gifts, and that, unless he himself finds such opportunity, they are likely to be wasted, is perhaps the gravest reproach directed against a free system and the source of the bitterest resentment."

To this reproach, Professor Hayek makes a twin rejoinder. First, it is by no means certain that people would be happier if they knew their condition in life to correspond to their true capacities—life might be intolerable if one had to assume full responsibility (and blame) for one's fate. Second, no human being, or class of human beings, has the ability to make a fair or comprehensive judgment of a man's potentialities —or even to define them.

THIS last point is the crucial one. *The Constitution of Liberty* is one long (570 pages) argument from ignorance. "Human reason," Professor Hayek insists, "can neither predict nor deliberately shape its own future. Its advances consist in finding out where it has

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been wrong." Here, too, the influence of Professor Hayek's vocation as an economist is visible. For the single premise of all modern economic thought is that philosophical wisdom (or what used to be considered as such) is impossible: no one can know better than a man himself what he most truly wants, and therefore a market economy is the most reasonable of economic arrangements. (It is interesting to observe that Professor Hayek's "liberal" critics do not openly reject this premise; they simply deny that the free market any longer exists, or that it can be reconstituted.)

Again and again, the book reiterates the thesis that our ignorance is far greater than our knowledge; that the more we know, the more we know we do not know; that all our actions have unforeseeable consequences; that the senselessness of coercing men to "build a better world" lies in the certainty that our children will detest this world. Professor Hayek no longer insists (as he once did) that economic planning is impossible. He now insists only that it is incompatible with a progressive society. We can, by organizing knowledge and mobilizing men, achieve fixed goals more effectively than by encouraging individual initiative and liberty. But we shall then have made it far more difficult to discover new goals, new wants, new knowledge of goals and wants. If we attempt to make society adequate to our present knowledge of it, we run the risk of freezing our knowledge at the point where it is merely adequate to the present state of our society.

THIS kind of reasoning will have little appeal to those who are so passionately indignant at the specific inequities (and iniquities) of the world we live in that they blindly identify liberty with power—the power to dominate and revise the status quo. It is not intended to. Professor Hayek is concerned to establish so firmly the rule of law, of the self-limiting State as this has been defined by traditional liberalism (and in this he is liberal rather than Whig), as to render such passion impotent:

> "Not only is liberty a system under which all government action is guided by principles, but it is an ideal that will not be preserved unless it is itself accepted as an overriding principle governing all particular acts of legislation. Where no such fundamental rule is stubbornly adhered to as an ultimate ideal about which there must be no compromise for the sake of material advantages—as an ideal which, even though it may have to be temporarily infringed during a passing emergency, must form the basis of all permanent arrangements—freedom is almost certain to be destroyed by piecemeal encroachments. For in each particular instance it will be possible to promise concrete and tangible advantages as the result of a curtailment of freedom, while the benefits sacrificed will in their nature always be unknown and uncertain. If freedom were not treated as the supreme principle, the fact that the promises which a free society has to offer can always be only chances and not certainties, only opportunities and not definite gifts to particular individuals, would inevitably prove a fatal weakness and lead to its slow erosion."

Even for those of us who do believe that there is much in American life that stands in need of reformation, who are not persuaded that traditional liberalism is the very epitome of civilization itself, who are as much worried by the present impact of scientific knowledge as by its hypothetical future sterility, such a warning may yet be worth listening to. Moreover, in his shrewd analyses of taxation, education, social security, city planning, and the administrative bureaucracy of the welfare state, Professor Hayek makes us realize how thoughtless (literally thoughtless) has been much of our activity in these fields; how grossly insensitive we have been, in our haste and enthusiasm, to possibilities excluded and opportunities foreclosed. Above all, his book encourages us to take another look at our welfare state, which—lacking any general idea of "welfare"—is coming more and more to resemble a monstrous pork-barrel.

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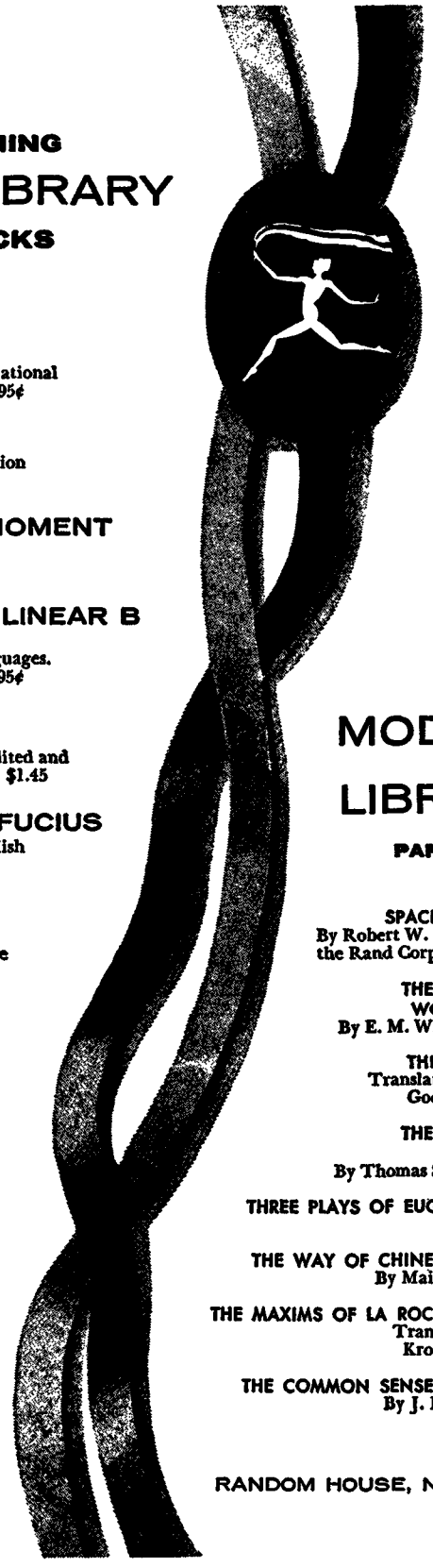

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The Music in Jews

JEWS IN MUSIC. By ARTHUR HOLDE. Philosophical Library. 364 pp. $5.00.

Reviewed by ALBERT GOLDMAN

ARTHUR HOLDE'S recent volume *Jews in Music* should have been titled "Guide to Jews in Music" or "Handbook of Jewish Musicians." It is simply a rather pedestrian exercise in lexicography—little notes on index cards expanded to "complete sentences"—not a study of the interesting subject suggested by the title.

Years ago, and in another country, this sort of compilation might have been welcome, but today, in America, we cannot take much pleasure in ogling interminable lists of "Eminent Jewish Musicians." At least, I hope we are beyond that sort of naive self-gratulation. If someone wants to write a good book on the Jews and music in our day, he must come up with a hypothesis and let the index cards lie in the file.

The most serious objection to Mr. Holde's book is simply this: once we have caught sight of his goal we are already there. We know before we read it that his chapter on Jewish composers will begin with Mendelssohn and end with Bernstein. We know the salient facts of all these people's lives. We know about the Bartholdy in Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, and we know that Offenbach was the son of a cantor of Cologne, that he played the 'cello in the Opera orchestra, caught the fancy of Paris with risqué operettas performed in a charming little bandbox theater, and died with pathos after attending the rehearsals for his only serious work, *Les Contes d'Hoffmann*. If some incident from this familiar tale has passed out of our memory, there are many sources where we can look up the forgotten facts.

Similarly, one knows all too well (it is a standing joke) that practically every famous violinist of our century has been a Russian or Hungarian Jew, that they all commenced child prodigies and toured the capitals of the world performing their familiar repertoire before cheering throngs. One knows too that Broadway and Tin Pan Alley are places where Jewish composers have flourished, and one knows *everything* about George Gershwin.

Why, then, should Mr. Holde, or anyone, want to go over the same flat ground again? I can imagine some much more profitable lines of investigation for a scholarly person with an interest in Jewish culture and music. What, to put it bluntly, is the *reason* which explains the heavy Jewish concentration in music? Ask the same question about Jewish doctors or lawyers or scholars and you get the answer pat. There was a long and venerable tradition stretching back to the Middle Ages and beyond, which explains pretty well the Jewish commitment to law, medicine, and scholarship. That certainly is not the case with music. Aside from the ancient chants of the synagogue and a curious outburst of cantorial coloratura in the Baroque period, one finds nothing in the early history of the Jews which would suggest enormous talents for music. And yet these talents must have existed at all times, quashed apparently by repressive forces in the traditional Jewish culture. It should be possible to determine what the forces were which inhibited almost totally the development of a native Jewish music.

ANOTHER topic which deserves consideration is the chameleon-like relationship of Jewish composers to the cultures in which they found themselves. One would expect that members of an ancient people, with a highly developed cultural identity, would encounter serious difficulties in assimilating the spirit of alien cultures. What we usually mean by assimilation—conformity to manners and values—is often easily achieved, but the degree of assimilation required in an artist who expresses the essential spirit of a culture is quite another matter. And yet, all the famous Jewish composers are perfectly representative of their age and nation: Mendelssohn is a German Protestant of the Romantic period; Offenbach a giddy Parisian of the mid-19th century; Mahler a typically expansive German of the Wagnerian breed; and Schoenberg is enveloped in the gloomy fog of the Viennese decadence.

This ready assimilation of the characteristics of other cultures, though extraordinary in its thoroughness and naturalness, is nevertheless at bottom merely an adaptation. Every one of these composers, with the exception of Schoenberg (who is primarily a thinker), shares the same qualities of fa-

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cility, brilliance, and abundance. None of them though is distinguished for originality, form, or depth. There are composers less highly endowed with talent and less skilled in technique whom nevertheless we take more seriously.

Perhaps—one must tread warily here—*perhaps* the superficiality of the Jewish composer is a concomitant of his cultural adaptability. The creative artist must have a coherent soul. If the core of his being, established by the experiences of childhood and youth, is wrapped about by some foreign substance during the years of maturity, the movement from the core to the surface and back again—the creative process—will be impeded. The cultural adaptation of the Jewish composer seems to have obstructed the deepest and most characteristic impulses of his imagination.

We have a clue here to the astounding success of Jews in American popular music. Popular songs are curiously impersonal things. They are almost literally the product of the culture in which they are produced. A really successful song writer is a man who can reflect the fugitive moods of the moment on the clear surface of a passive imagination. The moment the song writer begins to stir the depths and express himself, the quality of his work is destroyed.

One of the most striking facts about the Jews and music is the disproportion between the number of creative artists and the number of interpretive musicians. One would expect that a people which has produced practically all the famous violinists of modern times and a very large number of the great conductors, pianists, and other performers would contribute a comparable number of creative talents. If the cultural adaptation of the Jewish musician is, as I have suggested, an identification which does not reach to the depths, it is nonetheless a perfect matching of surfaces. And this is evidently quite enough for the interpretive artist who has merely to act as a medium of transmission.

There is, of course, the question of talent. Everyone knows that the talent for music manifests itself at a very early age. (The word prodigy belongs almost exclusively to the vocabulary of music.) If this peculiar capacity which resides somewhere between the mind and the body, and flows through both, is established at such early ages, the inference is irresistible that a talent for music must be one of those things which are as we say "in the blood." Now, one wonders just what it is about the Jews which makes them so talented for music. This is, I suppose, a question which must be reserved for students of genetics, but one can hardly ignore it in any discussion of Jews and music. If the Jewish musician is culturally a German, Frenchman, or Slav, then perhaps he is by virtue of his talent a Jew.

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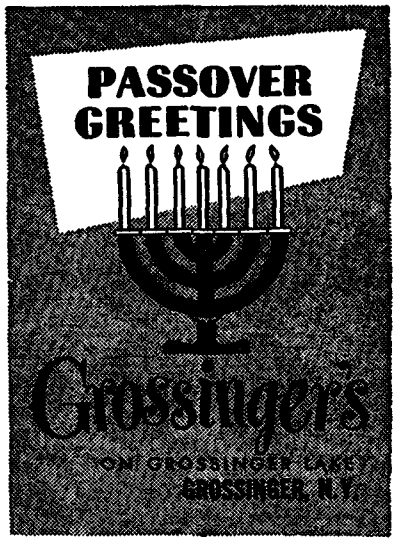

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Career of a Negro Aristocrat

W. E. B. Du Bois: Negro Leader in a Time of Crisis. By Francis L. Broderick. Stanford University Press. 259 pp. $5.00.

Reviewed by Nathan Glazer

In 1915, Booker T. Washington died. Dr. Du Bois, then editor of *The Crisis,* the organ of the newly founded National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, for some years had been attacking Booker T. Washington and the policies that had made him the leader of the American Negroes: in effect, Washington offered to the white world contented Negro workers who would raise no claim to social and political equality; he asked, in exchange, occupational training for them. It was a poor bargain, but perhaps the best possible in that terrible decade at the end of the 19th century, when the Negroes had lost most of their gains from the Civil War period and had been pushed, legally, into a position of helpless inferiority. Washington's policy of "accommodation," to use Gunnar Myrdal's term, was, at the time he formulated it, not very different from the kind of policy the young Du Bois might have proposed. But by 1915 Du Bois was the voice of Negro radicalism: protest, and insistence on nothing less than full equality in all spheres; it was Du Bois who gave expression to this position with greater intensity and effectiveness than any other Negro leader of the period.

Du Bois edited *The Crisis* until 1934, more as his personal magazine than as the organ of the NAACP. But finally, in 1934, he was forced to leave. He then returned to Atlanta University, where he had spent the years from 1897 to 1910 engaged in a fantastic program of work as writer, researcher, teacher, editor, and organizer of Negro protest activities. In thinking about a man who has lived such a long life, and whose latter years have seen the decline of his influence and even, in some measure, the respect in which he was once held, it is tempting to speculate on when, from the point of view of his reputation in history, his career might have best ended: for Du Bois, perhaps, there in Atlanta. But Dr. Du Bois returned to the NAACP in 1944; by then his antagonism to America and the Western colonial countries had developed into a blind bias in favor of any nation that did not possess *colored* colonials. He was forced once again to leave the NAACP in 1948, and since then he has been advocating the position of Communist Russia and China, on any and every occasion open to him. Dr. Du Bois is now ninety-two. He ran for Senator in New York State on the American Labor party ticket in 1950; a year later, he vigorously defended himself against an indictment charging him with failure to register as a foreign agent (he had been conducting the Peace Information Center, in connection with the Stockholm Appeal). He has since continued to travel and lecture and write.

This long and varied career offers an embarrassment of riches to anyone who wishes to consider what it reveals about the problems of Negro leadership and the American Negro. Mr. Broderick, having done a good job of historical research, tells his story with competence and the proper objectivity. When he gets to the period of the 30's, he seems to lose interest or heart—perhaps because by then Dr. Du Bois himself had in some important way lost touch with the development of American Negroes. Indeed, the peculiar thing about Dr. Du Bois's career was the extent to which he, placed with Douglass and Washington in the sequence of important national Negro leaders after the Civil War, was out of touch with American Negroes even at the periods of his greatest influence. He was not a politician and organizer, as were Douglass and Washington; he did not have to deal with the day-to-day realities of personal feelings, ambition, resentment—he had no followers and no organization, in the sense of something with which he was in close and direct contact. But not only was he removed from this direct contact with American Negroes—he was also removed from direct, meaningful contact with American whites. He raised no money, pleaded for no jobs, argued for no bills. His relation to the Negroes was as someone lecturing to them, either in person or in print; to the whites—as someone who denounced them. It does not make for a very heart-warming picture, when one com-

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By Daniel Bell, Columbia University

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pares it with the personality of James Weldon Johnson, who was organizational leader of the NAACP during Du Bois's earlier period there.

Du Bois conceived of himself as an aristocrat. Born in Great Barrington, Massachusetts, at a time when few Negroes lived there, and being a very bright pupil, he was spared a childhood filled with the usual painful incidents; this book, in fact, does not give a single example in the life of Du Bois of the kind of traumatic treatment that one would think no Negro in America could avoid. From Great Barrington, he went to Fisk and then to Harvard—perhaps there for a few years he came closest to suffering as a Negro in American society: he was no longer in either the small New England town where he was known and even respected, or in the all-Negro Southern community. After Harvard, came Berlin. He had received the best education America could give, and he was always conscious of the fact. The phrase with which Dr. Du Bois is perhaps most closely identified is that of the "Talented Tenth," the small group of educated and hard-working Negroes who were to serve as example to the Negro mass, and lift it up—as we have suggested, at first Du Bois thought of this up-lift very much as Booker T. Washington did, as consisting of hard work, careers, business, moral lives. Washington gained the ears of whites by being the first to point to the present failings of the Negro people, and Du Bois did not spare his own people either, but not for the same politic purposes that motivated Washington. For there was little in American Negro life that Du Bois found attractive, aside from the genteel life of the educated and well-to-do—which contained not very much that could be regarded as particularly Negro. One might say of Dr. Du Bois that in the earlier part of his career he disliked the mass of Negroes, and in the later part hated the whites—it was never certain that he loved anybody.

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Feeling himself an aristocrat, it is understandable that he found so little that was attractive in Negro life in America, which is nothing if not democratic; on occasion he would write fantasies about African empires and Indian princesses. And it was perhaps because his dislike of Negro reality was so concrete and strong, and his love for Negroes and "Negro-ness" so abstract and unreal, that his most notable book was one which concentrated on the unpleasant reality. *The Philadelphia Negro,* which Du Bois wrote in 1896, was the best work of American sociology up to that time—and for many years after: as a picture of what happens to the Negro in the Northern urban environment, and why it happens, it said just about everything that could then be said. There was, in fact, very little that could be added for many years to come.

Dr. Du Bois was in his great period when the work to be done consisted of creating a program for Negroes in America, polemicizing against those who opposed it, hammering that program into the consciousness of whatever part of the American Negro people could be reached. After this, the matter became more complicated: how was the program to be realized? how were the Negroes to be organized? how could they form powerful alliances with the whites to achieve the desired aims? how was one to deal with the crazy, murderous hatred of Southern whites—and the hardly less crazy bigotry of many Northerners? How was one to achieve a transformation in the life of the Negro people, in the very face of the fantastic

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hardships of that life? In all this, Dr. Du Bois, now lost in his dreams of noble men of color, Black Empires and Alliances, plutocratic imperialistic plots and selfless Communist emancipators, was no help at all. Still, he was for thirty years a major leader of his people, pointing to the right path for them; and for this we must give him honor. And when he might have become their misleader, the same people no longer listened to him; we should be grateful for that, too.

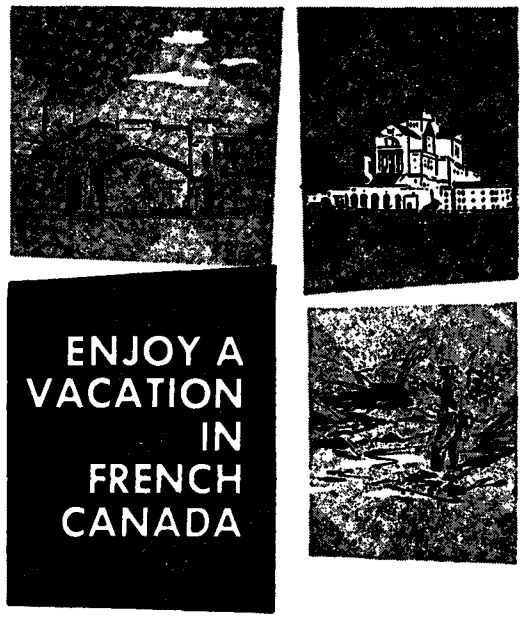
The Radical Road to Nixon

LAMENT FOR A GENERATION. By RALPH DE TOLEDANO. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 263 pp. $3.95.

Reviewed by MIDGE DECTER

RALPH DE TOLEDANO'S lament for his generation is a curious mixture of a book: part autobiographical memoir, part essay in hagiography, part manifesto, and in the midst of all this, a rousing campaign portrait of Richard Nixon. Mr. de Toledano was born a few months before "... the voice of Lenin sounded Communism's harsh tattoo in Russia, and the long crisis of Western civilization began." He attended college in the middle 30's, served in the army in World War II, and fought prominently and bitterly against the Communists in the 40's and 50's. The generation he laments is naturally his own—the generation whose shaping intellectual experience in youth was radical politics and whose central preoccupation in maturity has been to find the right way back down the garden path. *Lament for a Generation* appears to have been written under great pressure—not so much of time as of spirit—and the urge that prompted its author to say everything he has found out before it is too late to turn the tide of history may account for the book's catch-all character.

The obvious model for Mr. de Toledano's essay is Whittaker Chambers's *Witness*. From the author's description of early childhood and life on the Columbia University campus to his discovery of God, all sorts of parallels—between the intentions of the two books and the experience of the two men—are unavoidably suggested. Even Mr. de Toledano's prose seems to be the result of a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great effort on his part to create the same image that Chambers creates of a deep cultivation anchored to an even deeper passion. ("Before and after the incandescent moment, we learn one from the other the nature and the name of that experience. In books and in talk, it is all there. St. Anselm's ontological proof, so far beyond the span of the usual mind, lights a match and is gone.") But whereas Whittaker Chambers's involvement with Communism was real and consequential (for himself, for Alger Hiss surely, and ultimately for the whole American intellectual community)—was something he had acted out to the full and then tried to reconcile with a sensitively conceived, deeply felt self-image, Mr. de Toledano's most significant relation to the Communist movement, after the usual college flirtation, was that of a hardheaded outside expert. *Witness,* the document of a personal history which comes to grips with the whole of Western history over what its author feels to be the fundamental modern error, is in its way a slow, thorough, pained-over book. *Lament for a Generation,* on the other hand, is essentially a document of *other people's* errors—and is written with the kind of speed, heat, and animus which lead one to suspect that the author does not believe these errors have anything to do with history at all but are simply the result of bad faith and wilfulness.

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To ANYONE who lived through the gang fights, both personal and political, that constituted such a large part of the postwar mobilization against Communism—and particularly to anyone familiar with Mr. de Toledano's part in these fights—neither the accusations nor the roster of the accused in his book will come as any surprise. For Mr. de Toledano, it is not the Communists who are the real traducers of the human spirit, but the liberals—those who claim to uphold traditional values like individualism while at the same time blithely selling out to vicious theories of the Absolute State. Because of his ready use of epithet (Mr. de Toledano is faithful to his 30's heritage, at least, in his generous sowing of "ists," "ites," and "ians") and because of his constant shifting from one level of the discussion to another—from the foolish or reprehensible behavior of certain individuals to a mysterious entity called "The New Republic" to the French Revolution and back again—the term "liberal" stretches to fit all sinners and to account for all sins. But the liberals he particularly means to "lament" (though lament is hardly the word to characterize either the tone or the substance of this book) are the intellectuals—those of his generation, a few that came before them, and by implication many that have come after.

Liberal intellectuals have always, he contends, been the willing victims of those grandiose "systems" that begin in the deification of man and end in absolute submission to The State—he calls such various characters as Rousseau, Samuel Adams, Andrew Jackson, Justice Holmes, Chester Bowles, Walter Reuther to bear him witness in this. (Weirdly enough, even the venerable Doctor Johnson is briefly summoned to the stand—for the fatal kicking of Bishop Berkeley's stone.) In the 30's, he tells us, American liberal intellectuals lay down happily

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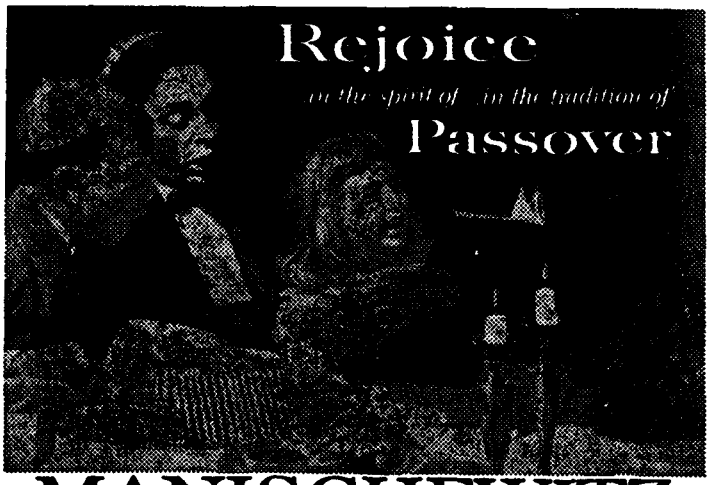

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before the steamroller of Marxist theory and insofar as they ever got up again it was as men still flattened and submissive to the sheer weight of power:

> "Anything beyond the Cartesian was a 'metaphysical fog' for the pragmatic liberal. Yet there had to be some hold to reality, some clinging to the reassurances of authority, some word to break the vast silences of space. And so there was, for the liberal. Its name was The State."

Therefore even in the postwar world, calling themselves anti-Communists, the liberals were still able to anathematize anyone who disagreed with them, to operate by a clear double standard of conduct for sympathizers and enemies, and to favor large measures of state control—such as Walter Reuther's proposal for a "Peace Production Board."

Now, the failures of the liberals and radicals are a matter of history, as is the upheaval through which the intellectual community had to go in the postwar period in order to define for itself a new relation to American society. There is no need to rehearse the matter here—nor even to dispute Mr. de Toledano's choice of evidence or uniformly nasty imputations of motive. The ground has been more than covered by a great many writers, and anyone still deluded about this question is apt to remain so. Nor is Mr. de Toledano himself primarily concerned with the liberal record of sin and perfidy to which he devotes so much space: his main intention in this book is to describe what he calls his "road to Damascus"—the story of his own turning away from the anthropocentric heresies of modern thought to God and the true conservatism. As such, *Lament for a Generation* affords us an opportunity to understand something of what happened in those Great Watershed days from the other side round, from the point of view not of the degradation of liberalism but of the reclamation of conservatism. Mr. de Toledano is a passionate man in need of passionate commitment; but for all his embattlement, what happened to him happened in some slight measure to all the members of his generation.

And just as he cautions us that the ideas of Rousseau, Comte, Fourier, and later, of such men as John Dewey and Oliver Wendell Holmes must not be considered merely as attempts at social philosophy but must be understood in the context of the real events they produce and the uses to which they lend themselves by the politically cynical, Mr. de Toledano unwittingly helps us to see how the mood and ideas of the new conservatism have had their own reflections and uses in recent American history. Certainly the movement away from radicalism, the "rediscovery" of America, the acceptance of the view that democracy itself is a delicate, sometimes rather sickly, condition—all these things that the intellectuals either initiated or participated in fully—contributed greatly to making possible that very real and mundane state of affairs called the Eisenhower Age.

Though we are sometimes tempted by

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a good deal of social "theory" and literary analysis to forget the fact, the Eisenhower Age is first of all the result of the defeat of New Deal-Fair Deal politicians and the presence of Dwight D. Eisenhower in the White House. The late Senator McCarthy, about whom Mr. de Toledano has many ambiguous things to say, became the focus of an unfortunate debate about whether America could or could not possibly be going fascist; and not the least unfortunate aspect of this debate was the tendency—anyway on the part of intellectuals, whichever side they took—to overlook McCarthy's main achievement, which was to discredit the Truman administration. He was, after all, silenced—and the old strength of American democratic institutions reasserted—only at the point when he began attacking his own party's administration. When Mr. de Toledano says, "Because I feared concentrations of power, I realized in time that private property was one of the safeguards of liberty," he is not merely reiterating a cherished insight of the Founding Fathers of this republic; he is announcing his support for the Republicans. Finding so much of contemporary conservative thought inadequate or irrelevant (Russell Kirk, William Buckley, James Burnham, et al, while good men and sympathetic men, have managed to come up with "hardly more than a general statement of position"), Mr. de Toledano longs for the kind of conservative who will have

> "The Disraeli approach, the determination to guide history down a road which, despite frabjous flux, conserved the freedoms which make life more than a grey interlude between two oblivions. . . ."

and finds him—in Richard Nixon.

One cannot presume to judge the personal meaning of another man's spiritual adventures, and surely not his experience of God. But in that place where the personal meets the historical—that is, in the notion of a man's generation—it is possible to make certain assessments. We do not any longer expect to hear cries of "treason," even from the most embattled anti-Communists, even when American policy leaves much to be desired in the way of firmness or determination. By the same token—to use an old Communist locution—"it is no accident" that Mr. de Toledano's road to Damascus, that long turning from the Godlessness of liberalism, leads to the only present contender for the Republican nomination to the office of President.

The Problems of Liberalism

OUR TIMES. Edited by MAX ASCOLI. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 502 pp. $6.50.

Reviewed by HARRIS DIENSTFREY

Our Times is a collection of "the best from *The Reporter*," the magazine which, since its first issue in April 1949, has come to represent the concerns of intelligent American liberalism. *The Reporter* has consistently affirmed the goals of public decision-making, fair play in government and business, and a society in which men have free choice and security; and it has always assumed that its readers would be sufficiently distressed about deviations from these liberal norms to apply the pressures of an informed electorate. The health of the open society, in other words, depends on an active public interest. In this choice of means and ends, *The Reporter* and its audience maintain the liberal persuasion *par excellence*.

The pieces in *Our Times* are not arranged chronologically, but around events and people, and in no way do they indicate that *The Reporter* has changed during its first ten years in either tone or outlook. Most of the articles are factual reportage, pointing to no original ideas nor suggesting any emotional involvement of the author with his subject. The pieces of reportage advance no special thesis, propose no particular legislation, affix no labels, good or bad. Their conclusions attempt only a calm summary of the clearest facts, on the assumption, apparently, that facts revealing un-liberal behavior are by themselves enough to put the spur to public interest.

A typical piece is Robert Bendiner's report on the chicanery and machinations of two public relations firms in Pennsylvania road legislation. The article concludes: "Perhaps it is this impression of mounting importance [of public relations] that gives some of the best people in the business a feeling of uncertainty, a sense that considerably more responsibility is in order." Paul

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Jacobs's account of the ways the Atomic Energy Commission has disregarded public safety ends: "Probably the major trouble with the AEC lies in the fact that its enormous power is not subject to checks and balances. The history of the Nevada weapons tests shows how badly these checks are needed."

But for anyone who does not believe that political misbehavior is caused only by a combination of lack of decency, lust for power, and love of prestige, *The Reporter's* almost deadpan recitation of facts is certainly dreary and, what is worse, unenlightening. It is unenlightening, for one reason, because it amounts to a conception of behavior which disregards sociological knowledge. Sociology posits a connection between behavior and institutions: if behavior is in some sense bad, then institutions are in part to blame. *Our Times* operates on the premise that American institutions are established once and for all, that they are self-evidently good to any reasonable man, and that any problems which arise are the fault of people who do not follow the rules—through deviousness or ignorance. That the rules of the game—the institutions of society—may themselves be the cause of disorder is an idea that this collection never seems to consider.

The disclosure of hidden facts, of course, can result in clarifying a situation and therefore make a reasoned decision possible. Disclosure, at its very best, needs no sociological assumptions. But the disclosures in *Our Times* are so hedged and qualified by the liberal habit of "weighing the facts" that, in essence, they become examples of a "vulgar pragmatism" which isolates political problems and destroys their power to outrage. Thus the AEC—which has certainly lied, and possibly killed people, and in any case has functioned undemocratically—has *its* side of the story, which the *Reporter* writer duly tells. Thus the following estimate of wire tapping: "On one side are the ideals of freedom and individual privacy, on the other the arguments favoring the use of modern techniques to fight crime and to protect national security. Somewhere a line of demarcation must be drawn." Thus this explanation of the security program: "When Dulles took in [Scott McLeod] . . . he did not stop to think that while a good policeman was needed, such a man's frame of reference was limited professionally to simple black-and-white judgments." How can problems so mild and unpolitical truly be of much importance? Analysis of this kind makes them seem only shallow irritations quietly disturbing the peace of American

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life, of little consequence to the electorate.

THERE is another major fault in liberal journalism of the type perfected by the *Reporter*. Collecting verifiable facts while avoiding their sociological meaning and diminishing their political explosiveness, leaves this kind of journalism without the means to question changes in American values. One would never suspect from reading *Our Times* that the United States between 1950 and 1960 was substantially different from the United States between 1900 and 1910. For example, although several articles examine various invasions of individual privacy—wire tapping, the "engineering of consent," the government's security program—*Our Times* never recognizes that these presumably isolated assaults on privacy are parts of a wholesale shift in the national conception of what must be made public and what legitimately can remain private. (Indeed, liberal journalism is very probably one main cause of the collective apathy and aggression that is now effecting this shift.) *Our Times* never asks how bureaucracies affect morality and behavior, public or private. Nor how the certain coming of automation will affect not only leisure, but the pool of possible national leaders. Nor, more simply, how the present system of recruiting political leaders affects their outlook and decisions. Nor what needs are being satisfied by popular songs, television, and people like Norman Vincent Peale —the mass culture that this book so snobbishly puts down. The issue is not that *Our Times* does not answer such questions, but that it never articulates them, even as it discusses their peripheral effects.

The best pieces in the book are two personal essays, Dan Jacobson's "Cars, Cars, Cars; Roads, Roads, Roads" and Gore Vidal's "The Perils and Rewards of Going into Trade." Jacobson is a South African (now living in England) stunned by the number of cars in California: "One could imagine cars, just cars, stretched out indefinitely, but set them moving, set them moving at sixty or seventy miles an hour, set them moving three or four abreast, set them moving in two directons, and the imagination simply retreats and despairs; the mind is numbed." Vidal is a novelist who writes plays for a living. "Making enough money to live presents a problem, and since I am not clever enough to go into business . . . I was forced to learn a trade." As both men examine these situations, they do in fact tell us something about our times: that in the mass society represented by cars, cars, cars, "the American need to be explicit about social aims and relationships" is an attempt to deal with the problem of community; and that though the public no longer needs novels, "it is a fact of civilization that each society creates the games it wants to play." The abstractions of Jacobson and Vidal make concrete what all the concrete facts of *Our Times* do not—some of the tensions in America and some of the shifts in its values.

It is precisely the relation between fact and idea that is so unsatisfying in this collection. The facts always mean the same idea: someone is fiddling around in sacred places. And the solution is always the same: keep a few more lights burning. Actually, the job of liberalism today is to decide if it can tell us anything more.

BOOK REVIEWERS IN THIS ISSUE

IRVING KRISTOL is well known to our readers. He was at one time an associate editor of this magazine and, more recently, the editor of *The Reporter*.

ALBERT GOLDMAN, a new contributor, teaches English at Hunter College.

NATHAN GLAZER is the author of *American Judaism*. He now reviews for COMMENTARY every month.

MIDGE DECTER's review of Max Lerner's *The Unfinished Country* appeared in March.

HARRIS DIENSTFREY is an assistant editor of COMMENTARY.

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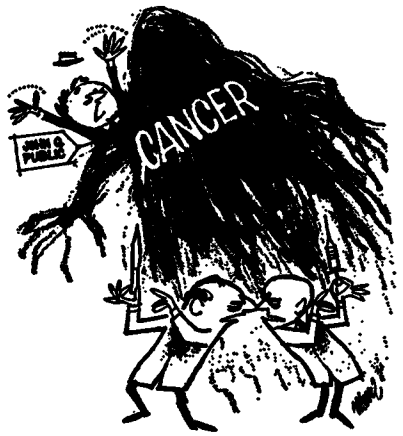

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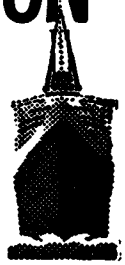

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THE ISSUE

[*continued from page (a)*]

daily in the schools. It is an issue that work provides no satisfaction for the great majority of Americans, whether they sit at machines or behind desks. It is an issue that the air is filled with lies, that "public speech" has lost all connection with reality. It is an issue that everything we get *costs* too much—too much money, too much energy, too much spirit. These are not issues that will be raised in any Presidential election, but then so much the worse for Presidential elections. Intellectuals do raise them from time to time, but in a mechanical way, as though they had trouble remembering what once burned fiercely in their souls—a vision of what a decent human life on this earth might look like—and could only remember their bitterness at the refusal of others to share in the vision. I have repeatedly praised Paul Goodman because he *does* remember, and I regard it as a virtue rather than a fault that his articles are "utopian" and cannot easily be translated into a program to put before the electorate. The business of intellectuals is not to offer programs but to serve ideals, to measure the given against the conceivable, to speak unashamedly and passionately not on behalf of what man happens at the moment to be, but on behalf of what he has it within him to become.

Marx made a dirty word out of "utopian," and under the influence of Marxist categories we have all been persuaded that "idealism" is fruitless to affect history. But it may be time to do to Marx what he did to Hegel—turn him on his head and assert that the force of his *own* romantic idealism is what shook the earth and not his "scientific" realism. Do intellectuals wish to change the world? Then let them work on the consciousness of their age and forget about parties and movements. Let them attend to their dreams of the good life and the good society, while others fret about pushing bills through Congress or winning votes and elections.

—N. P.

Milton Himmelfarb's new department, "In the Community," will appear regularly from now on at intervals of four months. Mr. Himmelfarb, one of our contributing editors, is also an editor of the "American Jewish Year Book."

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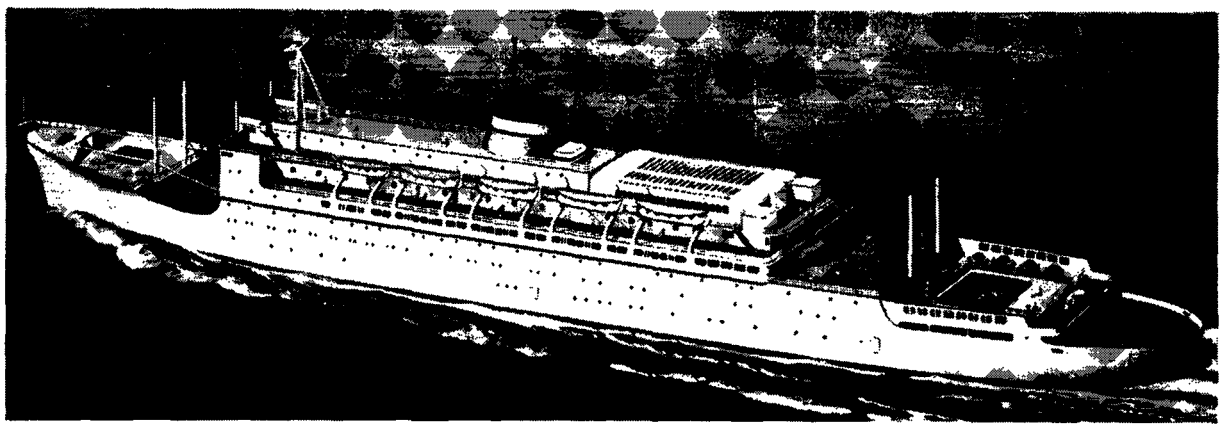

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